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No. 432

MY LITTLE BOAT.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

I dreamed that in a little boat
I drifted out to sea;
Upon the rugged lee,
The night was dark, and not a star
Upon the waters shone;
My little barque and I were far
Amid the gloom, alone!
But, by and by my little boat
On ocean's bosom lay
Beached, and would no longer float
Me on toward the day,
No winds upon the gloomy flood
In whispers spoke to me;
I felt myself alone with God,
Upon the sleeping sea!
And in the end my tiny boat
Was cast upon the strand;
And broken, nevermore would float
Me from the beautiful land,
Keep near the shore, my little bark,
For thou dost bear my soul;
Nor tempt the elements that mark
And bend to God's control!

Pretty and Proud:

OR,

THE GOLD-BUG OF FRISCO.

A Story of a Girl's Folly.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE
BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUAK-
KERS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

THERE are mental sufferings for which there is no opiate but death—when death and the grave are looked forward to as a sweet relief. Such agony as this did Esther Silverman endure when she came out of that long swoon and was left alone in her room by her anxious and wondering servants.

Miss Silverman's very servants were proud and fond of her; Rosine and Mephistopheles were troubled enough at her condition, and still more worried by the unaccountable absence of Miss Mercedes. The man, in particular, felt a sad presentiment that something strange and painful had taken place, for he was cognizant of the long interview which his mistress had held with the disreputable-looking stranger on the previous night.

More than once he knocked at the door of her room, receiving no answer, and going away with a perplexed expression.

Esther Silverman, her long dark hair streaming over her shoulders, her face livid, her eyelids swollen with crying, was walking restlessly up and down, or throwing herself on the couch in deeper and ever darker bursts of despair. Once she moaned aloud:

"My punishment—my punishment has come!" What could she have done that she should suffer so bitterly, yet acknowledge it as a punishment for some sin or error of hers?

Never had any woman lived a fairer life before the world.

Even the envious had never pointed the finger of scandal at her. Handsome, rich, independent, with brilliant manners and a generous desire to do more than her part in society, she had been as popular as she could desire—a leader and favorite. Not a month of her life for the last twelve years but she had been compelled to listen to a declaration of love from some man whom her many charms of face or fortune, or both, had bewitched. Everybody knew that Esther Silverman remained unwed from choice. But nobody knew why she chose to be.

Nor would any one have understood to what she referred when, in her great anguish, she talked about "her punishment."

The endless hours of the long morning were wearing into afternoon when Meph came to the door once more.

"Lord Henry Essex is in the drawing-room, Miss Silverman."

"Tell him I am ill—quite unfit to see any one; and ask him if he will call at this hour to-morrow."

The eager light went out of Lord Henry's blue eyes when the obedient servant delivered this message. He was very sorry his charming hostess of the previous evening was ill. She must be very ill, he thought, to prevent Miss Mercedes from leaving her long enough to see him for a few moments. He had anticipated—everything!—from the visit of this morning—to see the smile come into those dark eyes, the light glint on that gold hair, to hear the thrill of the low voice, to feel the delicious sympathy of stolen glances, to watch the sunrise color shoot up into the soft cheeks.

It is not what lovers say to each other that makes the charm. It is that secret, shy, subtle understanding that grows up between them, as by magic. And he had flattered himself that some such mysterious sympathy already existed between the lovely American and himself. He was "full five fathoms deep" in love.

Rocked of the fact that his father was an earl, with a general distrust of untitled belles and a particular prejudice against "la belle Americaine"—heedless of the bitter opposition such a choice would meet from his family, Lord Henry had chewed the betel-leaves of a first passion, and his pulse fired and heart burned with the sweet intoxication. He had even gone so far in his madness as to say to himself:

"When my father sees my soul's fair choice, he will be as charmed as I am. Her peculiar beauty will set all my friends raving with admiration. All the portrait-painters in London will ask to paint her picture. She shall sit to our great artist, all dressed in white, as she was last night. He only can do justice to her lovely dark complexion—her skin so fine-grained and velvety—her soft, deep eyes, as dark as night—her tender smile—the superb carriage of that perfect head in its halo of pale gold hair!"

Dreaming thus, he rung Miss Silverman's door-bell, so that it is no wonder the fire went out of his eyes and the flush out of his face when the polite servant brought him his dismissal.



"How dare you speak to me so, sir? You know that I do not care for you."

As he went down the steps again he felt dull and homesick. He was three-quarters inclined to believe that he was an egotistical egotist, and Miss Mercedes's blushes and kindling smiles and low, thrilling tones when she spoke with him, meant nothing at all of what he had thought.

He was miserable all day; he half-resolved to return immediately to England; but he was not allowed to shut himself up in his room at the hotel as he would have liked, as an English lord is too precious a creature to be allowed to waste his time in solitude after the hunters of New York society once give chase. He was dragged to Central Park, *albeit* the day was cold and wet; he lunched with Mrs. Croesus; he kettledrummed with Miss Flammell; he dined with the Goldmines and went to the opera with the Kerosenes, ending a weary day by dancing the German at Mrs. Wholesale's.

At none of these distinguished places did he find the only face and figure which had charms for him. Plenty of fair, elegant girls, stylish young creatures, full of spirit and wit, dressed like angels, in long clinging robes of shimmering silken textures bespattered with flowers and jewels—girls quite the equals of the Lady Mays and Ediths he knew in the charmed circle of Mayfair—but not the slender, dark girl whose dusky eyes and sunbeam hair had caught his idle heart in their net. There were "none like her, none." Lord Henry went to bed certain that Miss Silverman must be very ill, and that her niece could not have seen him when he called.

Punctually at noon the following day he called again, and was admitted. As he waited, with fast-throbbing pulse, in the soft gloom of the luxurious drawing-room, Miss Silverman herself advanced to meet him, out of the long vista of the suite of rooms.

He arose and held out his hand, saying earnestly:

"How glad I am to find you able to be up, Miss Silverman!" and then, as her cold fingers touched his, he saw that she must have been very ill, indeed.

She was pale as death, with black circles under her eyes and a haggard look which made her strangely unlike the brilliant, handsome lady he had so much admired; but she kept her dignified manner and her talent for small-talk, and deprecating his anxiety for her health, dashed off into a lively conversation.

His lordship's blue eyes, however, roved restlessly, considering how well-bred a man he was, at every slightest sound, while his ear was strained to hear the rustle of a silken robe which did not come. At last his hostess said smilingly:

"You must not expect to see Miss Mercedes to-day. She has gone on a visit."

"I regret missing the pleasure of seeing her," was the stiff reply.

The words seemed to freeze on the lips of the caller; but it was not his place to ask questions, nor did he; though he lingered some time in the hope that more information might be vouchsafed him.

At last Miss Silverman said, as if in pity for his state of mind:

"My niece has gone to her relatives; she will be away all winter."

In the midst of his keen disappointment Lord Henry noticed that she pressed her hand to her heart as if she had a pain there and that a more ashen pallor spread over her face.

"I wonder if she has heart-disease, poor lady!" he thought. Then, in his own candid way, he said, as he arose to go: "I am sorry I made Miss Mercedes's acquaintance at all, since it is to extend no further. I never saw a young lady I admired so much, and I hoped to become good friends with her. Will you give me my regards when you write to her, please, and say—"

"What shall I do?" and looking about for a bell-knob he pulled one violently, for Miss Silverman in attempting to rise from her chair had fallen back and fainted away.

Mephistopheles came in immediately and then Lord Henry went away. The next day he was in Washington, where he remained a fortnight;

then he went to Florida; came back and stopped in New York a few days; called on Miss Silverman and learned that her niece was still away; went back to England in poor spirits; and soon from over the sea there floated a rumor to his New York friends that he was engaged to be married to his cousin, Lady Maud; and Esther Silverman, hearing it, smiled bitterly, packed her trunk, shut up her house, took Rosine and Mephistopheles, and sailed for France.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW LIFE IN GOLD LAND.

BENJAMIN BRANT only stopped at the little station in the Rocky Mountains a single day, the most of which he spent in a secret confab with two men who met him there, his daughter remaining in the one big room of the new board-and-muslin hotel, staring wretchedly out of an open window-frame, as yet guileless of such things.

The following day they resumed their monotonous journey, nor did they leave the cars again until the train reached San Francisco. Here they went to the Palace Hotel, and Brant ordered his daughter to "put money in her purse" and go out shopping.

"I want you to understand, miss, that I'm a big man out here," he said to her, "if I ain't dressed up and sweetened like one o' them New York whippersnappers. I'll just leave the dressin' to you. You do it up brown; fur we'll have some o' the big-bugs-a-caller on us in this here little parlor, if my presence in Frisco becomes known. There's Sharon and Murphy a lot of 'em that want to see me on business. They'll be in here to-morrow. I'll order a carriage an' you drive out an' get things to fix yourself up."

"I'll be sure to do it," said the girl, who had handed her a purse so heavy with gold double-eagles that she could hardly lift it.

She was tired of her dusty, grimy traveling-suit, and half-dead though she was, with mental distress and bodily weariness, felt some mental interest stirring in her dull heart, at the prospect of a fresh toilet, and a bath before the new things were donned.

She purchased three or four ready-made Parisian dresses, and such other articles as were needed for a comfortable and very modest outfit.

When she returned to their rooms, at the hotel, her father was gone. She took time for a luxurious bath, combed and brushed out her wonderful hair, put it up high on her head, as she was accustomed to wear it—with some difficulty, for she was used to the services of a maid—and chose, out of the three which had been sent home to her, a black velvet dress, with a bit of lace at the neck and wrists. Lastly, she fastened in her hair and on the black softness of the sumptuous velvet which covered her bosom, a half-opened white rose, which she had noted and bought of a flower-vender on her way back to the hotel.

All the time she was making her toilet she was thinking with surprise of what her father had said about being "a big man out here;" and of the money he had so freely given her. More than once she doubted if she were truly in her senses, so strange and foreign to all her past experience was her present. She was walking up and down the small private parlor of their suite of rooms, trying to steady her brain and get some grasp upon her new life, when Brant entered.

He stared at that elegant creature whom he called his child:

"Well done, daughter! You've made good use o' my money. You beat the natives! I wonder what the nabobs will say when I show 'em my daughter! I ain't nowise ashamed o' her, to say the least."

"Oh, father, please do not force any acquaintance upon me! Keep those men away," pleaded Mercedes, tears rising in her eyes.

"Hem!" was the only response, and Benjamin Brant took a small morocco-case out of an inner pocket of his shaggy coat, opened it, and displayed before her, for her admiration, a massive necklace of gold and brilliant, shining on a violet-satin cushion: "There!" he exclaimed,

triumphantly, "I just bought it! Tain't any too fine for you, Mercedes! You put it on an' wear it down to dinner, an' I tell you, we'll astonish the nabobs."

Mercedes's refined taste shrank from the display of such gorgeous jewelry.

"Do I not look well enough as I am, Mr. Brant?"

"Mr. Brant! that's a good joke! However, I reckon it's hard on you—gettin' used to yer father! They say it's a wise child that knows its own father. You never were wise till you got inside of the last fortnight, Mercedes, ha, ha! Do you look well enough?" He folded his arms, squinted one eye and took a good observation.

"When it comes to that, child, you look better'n any living gal or woman I ever saw! That velvet dress sets you off. I'm glad you got it. But you oughter wear more jewelry. Blast it! I tell you, we can afford it!"

"But I don't like it. Girls of my age do not wear such heavy ornaments. Cannot you trust to my taste about getting myself up to please you?"

He took another squint at the graceful creature to whom he had lately set up a new capricious. She was paler than he would have liked, her manners were very quiet, she scarcely spoke above her breath, and yet she dazzled, confounded and overruled him.

"I don't know but what you're right; you look just as I want you to; I'm sorry I wasted good gold on this gin-crack, then," and he shut up the morocco-case with a sigh. "If there's anything you would like, in that line, I'll get 'em to exchange it to-morrow."

"Take me when you when you go, and I will see."

"Well, I will. Dinner's ready, an' so am I. I ain't set down to a square meal since we left New York. Come!"

"I wish we could have our meals in our room, Mr. Brant."

"Ashamed of me?" asked the man, quickly, with a sharp look which brought a blush of conscious guilt to the girl's pale cheeks. "I can't altogether blame you fur that. We ain't been brought up in the same school. I can tell you enough, miss, before a year more goes over our heads there'll be hundreds of young ladies as high-flying as you that would give their right hands to call me their father. There's plenty, this minute, would like to be in your shoes. Don't you turn up your nose till you know what's the bag. Come, I want my fodder."

He offered his arm with some show of gallantry, and they went down the broad staircase and on into the grand dining-room, whose various tables were half-filled by respectable-looking people. There were many finely-dressed ladies and some gentlemen in the crowd of busy people.

Benjamin Brant purposely chose the center aisle, walking the whole length of it, before he would accept the seats proffered him by different servants.

Every eye followed the pair on their way up the room. It was not that they were so ill-assorted—that was seen often enough in the land of gold—but that Mercedes had that magnetic charm which is more powerful than beauty and fascinates the attention at first glance. Her dark eyes looked straight before her as she paced up the long room; the trailing black velvet clung to her supple, slender figure; her face was as pale and rich with hidden fire as some cream-white blossom that folds over a rosy heart; her crown of glimmering hair, with its golden crimped fringe along her forehead, set off her dusky beauty strangely. She was so young, and yet it seemed as if she never smiled; for Mercedes was not now that joyous girl who had come down to her own rose-bud dinner party with such glad anticipations of life. There was something haughty and repressed in the pale composure of her young face of which she was not herself aware; but her movements were those of polished grace; and the simple sumptuousness of her plain black dress was a lesson in the art of dressing to every lady who looked on her. The white rose in her bosom was

not more perfectly a lovely rose than Mercedes was a lovely woman.

As Brant seated his daughter at the second table at the left hand, he bowed to some one sitting at the first, and then took his own seat with a feeling of quiet exultation that was excellent sauce to his appetite. If he had chosen that place knowing that William Alexander would see him as he came up, and notice his daughter, he had not been disappointed; the man did notice the young lady, flushing to the roots of his iron-gray hair with surprise and admiration.

"What's Brant doing with a girl like that?" he asked himself.

The waiters were very attentive to Mr. Alexander; he was evidently a person of some importance. Mr. Brant whispered to his daughter:

"Look straight ahead of you, at that fellow at the next table, with gray hair and black mustache. That's Bill Alexander—one o' the big-bugs of this country—worth millions, now, an' getting richer all the time; friend of mine, too. How do you like his looks?"

"I don't like them," was the direct answer, given after Mercedes had lifted her glorious, dusky eyes for a glance, *en passant*, at the person indicated.

"Sorry for that. Hope you'll change your mind. He's a friend o' mine. He's a widower, little gal, so mind your eye! They say he's a powerful admirer of the fair sex. Who knows, now, but my daughter, if she were sharp enough, might get to be mistress of his millions?"

"I'm not sharp enough; and it hurts me, sir, to hear such remarks from you. Please remember that I am a lady."

"As if ladies never set their caps fer rich men! They all do it—the best o' 'em! I've seen dozens o' 'em doing it in this very hotel! They're crazy after Bill Alexander. I was in hopes you would fancy him," in a disappointed tone. "He lives purty high, but he ain't a bad fellow, and you could take the shine off every woman in Frisco without half tryin'."

Mercedes shivered inwardly but made no reply. The public table was not the place to hold such a conversation. The one glance she had given the millionaire had prejudiced her against him forever. She had found him watching her with those greedy eyes which some men always fix on young and beautiful women—eyes, not so much of honest admiration as of gloating covetousness. His face was not otherwise repulsive. He was a handsome man of middle age; not forty, evidently, although the nervous strain of a life like his was bleaching his dark hair already. Something like a smiling sneer hovered about his lips under the shadow of his waxed mustache. His face was not very full, but his figure was beginning to grow heavy. He had the cool yet excited air of a gambler, though he only gambled in mining stocks; there was a rose in his button-hole, and a diamond as large as a hazel-nut on his little finger.

Mercedes, without as much as lifting a lash from her sleeping eyes, knew that he watched her all through the many courses of the tiresome dinner, and inwardly she grew angry and restless, while outwardly calm as some lily dreaming on its starlit pool.

As Ben Brant dropped four cubes of sugar in his coffee, Mr. Alexander, leaning over his chair, coming over to her table and holding out his hand to the other man in a friendly way.

"When did you get back from the East?"

"To-day. Didn't stay long, did I? Only went to bring my daughter out. Her first visit to Frisco. Mr. Alexander, my daughter."

Mercedes nodded her royal head very slightly.

"Please do not introduce me to people in these public places," she said to her father, under her breath; but the "nabob" heard her, and admired.

"His daughter!" he thought to himself, in astonishment. "This is indeed 'grapes out of thistles,' or however the good book has it!" Then aloud:

"Come, I see you on business this evening, Brant?"

"Yes. Come to my parlor, No. 24, at seven o'clock. Want to see you."

The millionaire bowed as carelessly as the girl had done, and walked off down the room with a jaunty air.

"Didn't I tell you I was friends with all the big-bugs?" Brant whispered. "Now, child, you can be of some use to me, if you will. I'm bound to make a ten-strike this winter, and you can help me, if you will."

"How, sir?"

"I will give you a hint when we get upstairs," and having drained his cup to the last drop, he wiped his mouth with a sigh of satisfaction, and walked down the room as if he had been the Sultan of Persia.

For Ben Brant had much of a certain sort of sharpness, and was quick to see the profound impression made by his daughter. He knew, perfectly well, that half of the men at table were waiting, pretending to sip their coffee, until she glided back again through their ranks. The fact not only immensely pleased him, but he built a plan on it.

"I know just how them fellows feel—kinder overcome and awed, and yet in love with her beauty. Why, I'm her own father, an' yet she makes me treat her as if she were a princess! I can't get used to her. But I'll crow shanghai over Alexander now, you bet. If she ain't his wife in less'n three months you may take my hat! Don't like him, eh? That's only a girl's fancy. I'll overcome that. How the men's eyes follow her! 'Twas a lucky find when I went East for her. I hope she won't get homesick and mope, for tha'll spile her good looks."

There was a large crowd hovering about the dining-room door when Brant and his daughter made their exit. When they reached their parlor Brant said:

"What I want you to do, daughter, ain't much. It's only to stop in the room this evening, when Alexander, and perhaps one or two others, come in. I don't call on you to talk or sing, or anything—jest to set still. Here's the evening paper you can read."

"I'm weary, father. Why should I remain to hear you talk business?"

A cunning smile flickered over Brant's weather-tanned face.

Coarse as his own nature was, he already be-

gan to perceive that it would not do to allow his child—fine lady that she was—to see into his little plans. She would be sure to revolt, and who can manage a woman when she chooses to be obstinate?

Perhaps he had already alarmed her by saying too much. He must cover his tracks or the shy creature would never walk up to the snare.

"It's a new thing for me to have a daughter, and I don't like her out of my sight; and some of them fellows think it's all a sell about you any ways. I want 'em to see for themselves. Am I unreasonable, girl?"

Mercedes could not reply except by a faint motion of the head. She took the paper he handed her and sat down by the little table. The window was open, for the day had been like one in May; but now the chill sea-fog came rolling in, and Brant closed the sash. He drew a chair not far from her, and, rolling his quid in his cheek, stared at her as if she had not yet ceased to be an object of intense curiosity and pleasure to him. Mercedes felt his gaze, but kept her own eyes glued to the paper. It was not long before a knock sounded on their door, and Alexander came in with another gentleman by the name of F—n, who was introduced to the young lady. Mercedes returned immediately to her newspaper, and the three men, drawing their chairs together, conversed in low voices, earnestly. She heard enough to understand that they were talking about some new mines in Nevada—silver mines recently discovered—but such subjects had little interest for her, and her thoughts went back to that last night at home, and the pair of eager blue eyes which had made that evening a wonder and a rapture to her; the paper slipped from her hand, she forgot where she was, all that happened between that night and this.

Something startled her from her dream, and looking up, she found Mr. Alexander's eyes fixed full upon her with bold admiration, and a vivid blush swept over her beautiful face.

At this the gold-bug smiled meaningly.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GOLD-BUG.

BRANT and his daughter remained two weeks at the hotel. He appeared somewhat different from at first; evidently made a great effort to appear "genteel;" wore broadcloth, instead of the rough garments in which he had hitherto seemed to take pleasure, with only a few of his white linen shirt-front; and was obsequiously devoted to his child. Every morning he took her out for a drive; their rooms were full of flowers; everything which mere money could purchase for her, she had. The weather was delicious, and the young lady, who had hitherto endured the unhappiness of her position. She despised her father, hated her hotel life, was sick of the admiration which dogged her every step. She felt utterly forlorn and friendless; her soul was embittered even toward her Aunt Esther, whom she had once idolized.

Brant had telegraphed to Miss Silverman of their safe arrival in San Francisco, with a request that his daughter's clothing and keepsakes should be sent there to the Palace Hotel; and one day a large trunk arrived, over which Mercedes shed so many tears. It was a trunk of articles, which, by their familiarity, called up old associations too vividly.

That evening she dressed for dinner in that sacred toilet which she had worn on her birthday—sacred to her now, from the memories it evoked; and as she came down the stairs, and about her, she experienced a feeling of safety and protection which stilled a nameless fear that now constantly troubled her.

"Let us have dinner here, father," she pleaded. "See! I am dressed too much for the public table. This was the dress I wore on my eighteenth birthday—the day—you came."

"It becomes you even better than the black velvet one," he remarked, approvingly. "You ain't a bit too much dressed. When you've got on your fanciest fixings is the time, I should say, to show yourself. But you shall have your way, Mercedes. I'll go down and give the orders now."

Presently a couple of waiters came in to lay the table. The young lady placed in the center of it a fresh bouquet of the lovely roses which bloom in the outdoor air in March, in that climate. She had abstracted all the pink-and-amber tea-roses for her hair and dress; and she tried to imagine herself at home.

"Why do you lay the table for three, John?" "Don't know, miss. Them was Mr. Brant's orders."

Then all the pleasure of the little feast was gone for Mercedes. She guessed, and rightly, that her father had invited a guest.

Five minutes before the turtle-soup came up, he brought Mr. Alexander into the room.

"To dine with us, my daughter. We will have a nice time all to ourselves," and Brant rubbed his palms together, pretending not to see the shadow that came over her face.

All the girl's high-bred breeding could not prevent that shadow. She was quite willing the two men should be conscious of it.

"I wish I had not worn this dress," she thought, knowing that she was looking her loveliest.

The paler, the colder, the haughtier she grew, the more the visitor admired her. She knew it, and could not help herself. The "nabob" had seen enough of smiling, willing women. The most potent charm of this one, after her beauty, was her utter indifference. She seated herself at table as if he were a creature who wearied her. He drank her health in exquisite dry champagne—the curlew her rose-leaves lit dimly. He asked her what she thought of the city—the country—the climate—the bay—the mountains—the flowers—if she were afraid of earthquakes? She did not like anything in California—she was afraid of earthquakes—she wished she were home in her own beautiful metropolis! Still he persevered in making himself polite to her, keeping up a one-sided conversation while the plates were changed and the cork was popped.

There was something in this man's presence which oppressed her; she drew a long breath of relief when, at the end of two hours, they arose from a dinner which Brant had made a banquet, with the pompous liberality of his class. But there was no escape for her yet. There was a piano in the room, and when the waiters had cleared away the feast, her father asked her to play. She preferred that to talking, and immediately obeyed, choosing some of Strauss's dreamy waltzes, and losing herself in thoughts of when and where she had last floated to their soft-heating caress.

Suddenly she came to a stop, looking about her nervously. Her father had slipped out of the room. She was alone with Mr. Alexander, who was leaning at one end of the piano, gazing at her with steady, hateful eyes. He came around to her side, trying to seize one of the small hands, which she haughtily withdrew.

"Miss Brant, do not be so cold, so forbidding! I have your father's approval of my suit. He has granted me permission to ask you to be my wife. I did not think to marry again; but I have been since the hour I first met you. You suit me to a T. I like your style. Why should we not increase each other's happiness by marriage? You know, I presume, that I have plenty of money—that I am one of the gold-bugs of this city. You shall have everything your heart craves. You will be the envy of all the women in this country. I shall be free-handed and indulgent with you. Come! my sweet girl, say that you and I shall soon be one!"

He bent over her shoulder; his warm breath was on her cheek; his persuasive whisper in her shrinking ear.

"How dare you speak to me so, sir! You know that I do not care for you."

"But you can learn to care for me," he continued, smilingly. "That will come after we are married. I can teach you to love me, my beauty."

"You are mistaken about that. Your vanity

leads you astray," she answered him, with chilling scorn.

The millionaire was astonished. It was a novel thing for him to be made to feel that neither himself nor his gold was prized. He eyed the young lady doubtfully. Her beauty and youth seemed all the more desirable and fascinating because they were "above the market"—because his millions could not buy them. A dangerous fire leaped into his eyes.

"Come, now, be reasonable," he said. "I am not a bad man. Your father approves of me." Then, with a sudden blaze of jealousy: "You are too young to make it likely that your feelings are already engaged—that you have a lover!"

"I have no lover, Mr. Alexander. I am free as air, and intend to remain so. My father has not the shadow of a right to force my inclinations—to assert any authority over me. I never saw him until a fortnight ago. I owe him nothing—but my misery."

"Ah! I know," he was somewhat acquainted with Brant when he sailed under the totem of "Unlucky Jo." I wonder at his having such a daughter, I must confess. He says he left you with a rich aunt when he came out here; I suppose that is so. We are good friends, though, he and I, and have it in my power to help him. Don't be cross and scornful with me, beautiful Mercedes! I am terribly in love with you—no sham! I shall be tempted to blow out my brains if I can't coax you to say 'yes.' Come! You shall not answer me to-night. Think it over. I won't press you too hardly until you have had time to make up your mind. I shall live in the hope that you will soon alter it."

"Never! never!"

"I shall 'not take 'no' for an answer," faint heart never won fair lady. All I ask is fair play. I am quite certain you will conclude to marry me some day. I will not worry you any more about it to-night. But I shall bring up the subject soon again. I like you all the better for not falling into my arms at the first invitation. Nevertheless, I have made up my mind to marry you, and it's this will of mine that has made me what I am. Well, good-night, and sweet dreams, my lady! I have had a delightful evening, and hope soon to come again. Adios."

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He stared into the young, pale face. Her eyes defied him.

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The paler, the colder, the haughtier she grew, the more the visitor admired her. She knew it, and could not help herself. The "nabob" had seen enough of smiling, willing women. The most potent charm of this one, after her beauty, was her utter indifference. She seated herself at table as if he were a creature who wearied her. He drank her health in exquisite dry champagne—the curlew her rose-leaves lit dimly. He asked her what she thought of the city—the country—the climate—the bay—the mountains—the flowers—if she were afraid of earthquakes? She did not like anything in California—she was afraid of earthquakes—she wished she were home in her own beautiful metropolis! Still he persevered in making himself polite to her, keeping up a one-sided conversation while the plates were changed and the cork was popped.

There was something in this man's presence which oppressed her; she drew a long breath of relief when, at the end of two hours, they arose from a dinner which Brant had made a banquet, with the pompous liberality of his class. But there was no escape for her yet. There was a piano in the room, and when the waiters had cleared away the feast, her father asked her to play. She preferred that to talking, and immediately obeyed, choosing some of Strauss's dreamy waltzes, and losing herself in thoughts of when and where she had last floated to their soft-heating caress.

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"Come, now, be reasonable," he said. "I am not a bad man. Your father approves of me." Then, with a sudden blaze of jealousy: "You are too young to make it likely that your feelings are already engaged—that you have a lover!"

"I have no lover, Mr. Alexander. I am free as air, and intend to remain so. My father has not the shadow of a right to force my inclinations—to assert any authority over me. I never saw him until a fortnight ago. I owe him nothing—but my misery."

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He stared into the

The ringing tones of Paul Melville arose above the roar of wind and water, and the startled cries of the crew, and springing to the helm, he continued:

"Do your duty, men, and there is no danger!" Immediately the coolness of their young officer, his calm tones and dauntless manner reassured the crew, and springing to their posts they awaited the next command. It would have come sooner, but the eyes of Paul Melville fell upon Mabel Markham, who had rushed from the cabin, and stood clinging to her father, who was in vain striving to force her below.

This sight momentarily checked his order to the crew; but, seeing that Mabel was in no immediate danger, the deep voice shouted forth the commands, and the willing officers and men promptly obeyed; but, to the horror of all, the ship could not be brought round, and the gale was driving her with the speed of a race-horse upon the island.

Again consternation seemed to seize upon the crew, and again the voice of Paul Melville commanded order and silence, while he shouted to Captain Markham:

"There is but one chance, sir—to run into the basin in the island."

"It will be impossible in such a night," shouted back Captain Markham.

"It can be done, sir," and Paul Melville again bent his gaze intently ahead.

But the gloom was not unprofitable, and he set his teeth hard. If he could not get his bearings he knew that they must go to their doom.

Suddenly a bright flash burst forth, dead ahead, and all, by the momentary light, beheld the buccanier schooner lying to, and not half a mile away.

Then, again came a second flash, and a third, and the last displayed the close-reefed sails set on the schooner, and once more all was darkness, but only for a moment, for from the cliff top blazed up a bright flame, before which was a human form.

"The old witch!" burst from a dozen throats, as the old woman of the isle was recognized by the bright light, and the sailors believed they were being lured on to death.

"Hold!" Do you not see that that beacon has saved us?"

It was Paul Melville who spoke, and with perfect confidence he headed the vessel for the light on the cliff, which now blazed up in huge red flames, liberally fed by fagots thrown on by the weird woman, who, with her long hair streaming in the gale, and her white dress, looked like a very spirit of the storm.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

LENORE.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

We have met, and we have loved,
Sweet Lenore!

When the hush of evening came,
And the fire lit his flame

By the cottage door!

Thou wast all too dear to me,
Sweet Lenore!

And the angels took thee home,
Leaving me in life alone—

Forevermore!

Though my lonely heart now wakes
The vesper song no more;

Heavenly music greets thee now—
Heavenly voices kiss thy brow—

Sweet Lenore!

Holy visions round me come,
When the stars shine o'er me,

And for me I see thee wait,
At the far-off golden gate,
Sweet Lenore!

We shall meet, and we shall love,
When time is past and gone,

In that better world above,
Where the angels live and love—
Oh! sweet Lenore!

Lady Helen's Vow;
OR,
THE MOTHER'S SECRET.

A Romance of Love and Honor.

BY THE LATE MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A MONSTROUS WRONG.

LORD ESTONBURY stood still for a moment at the entrance; then, as his wife stepped back, he followed her into the room.

"Your maid said you were asleep," he remarked, with a sneer. "You do not look like one just awakened from slumber."

Helen was silent.

"You have been out," he added. "Have you not?"

"Still no answer."

"It is strange that your maid should have been instructed to report a falsehood to me."

"She was not instructed to report anything," replied Helen.

"Then she ventured on it of her own accord. And you cannot persuade me to believe that she had not some object."

Helen was about to answer that she did not care to persuade him to anything, but she checked the retort, and merely observed, quietly:

"Ada had no idea of being disrespectful, my lord. I merely charged her not to admit any one."

"While you were absent. And where have you been, if I may ask?"

"After some hesitation, the young lady replied:

"Pray excuse me from giving an account of myself. I did not know I was a prisoner on parole."

"You are a rebel to the authority of your lawful master, and as such you are a prisoner."

"Will you permit me, now, to go to my mother?"

"When you tell me where you have been?"

"I cannot imagine why your lordship should be curious on the subject."

"Because you have been absent the best part of an hour; and your maid tried to deceive me. Your heightened color, your excited manner, the dampness in your hair, the strange disorder in your looks, show that something unusual has occurred. It is your duty to be frank with me, as well as to obey me, at all times."

Helen's eyes flashed; but she repressed the rejoinder that rose to her lips.

"Will you tell me where you have been, or whom you have seen?"

"I do not think you would believe me, whatever I might say."

"Perhaps not; but I might gather a clew to hunt you, madam, through the mazes of deceit and treachery."

"Your lordship makes accusations, expecting to wring from me admissions of their truth. That is not fair to a suspected criminal."

"Tell me one thing; what is the promise you made to your mother, of which she continually reminds you, in her feverish talk?"

"Has your lordship heard her?"

"If I have not—it has been reported to me."

Helen started. Then Chisholm was a spy, placed to report all that passed!

"You will see that I know many things, madam, of which you deem me ignorant."

"Is it fair, or kind, my lord, to place a spy on your wife, when watching by the death-bed of her mother?"

"I shall protect myself at all hazards."

"But what do you apprehend?"

"How I shall not say."

"That can I do harm, supposing I had the will?"

"You may stir up my enemies, and give me trouble."

"If you are conscious of no wrong, my lord, no one can injure you."

Again she attempted to leave the room.

As she did so, the marquis grasped her arm.

"You may now consider yourself a prisoner

in earnest," he hissed in her ear. "Your lying maid will be discharged to-morrow. You are under observation. Every look, every word shall be watched and reported. And beware how you attempt to leave the house. If you wish to walk in the garden I will accompany you."

As he said these words with a fierce scowl, Helen bowed meekly, and passed him, going to the sufferer's room, at the other end of the corridor.

She found Chisholm in the easy-chair as before; the patient lying in an apparent stupor. Helen asked when the medicines or nourishment had been administered, and then took her place beside the bed, pressing her lips to her mother's fevered hand, that lay on the silken coverlet.

Once she looked up at the woman in the easy-chair, who was aroused from her dozing, and sat upright, watching her.

"If you are tired, Mrs. Chisholm," she said, gently, "you may leave the room awhile. I shall stay here to-night."

"Your ladyship cannot watch all night again."

"I am strong to-night. I do not feel the want of rest."

The woman rose wearily.

"I will ask his lordship's orders," she muttered, as she went slowly out of the room.

At the door she turned back. Those of her mistress, or the lady of the household, were no thing to her. But Helen's mind was nerved to action, guided by the highest moral principle; and she did not care for humiliations.

The word "Helen" very faintly uttered, like an expiring sigh, arrested her attention.

She stooped her ear close to the sufferer's lips.

"Helen—I am going. You will do it—the right—the right."

Helen dropped on her knees, and lifted her clasped hands solemnly upward.

"I will do it, mother!"

Again the lips unclosed; but no sound was audible. But the daughter, watching them, fancied they shaped the word "Swear."

"I have sworn it, mother, for the sake of the right!"

Then there was a tender smile, and a gleam of joy flitted over the dying face. The daughter had lifted the burden of sin from the soul about to take its final flight.

The door opened softly, and Chisholm came back.

"His lordship bids me stay with my lady," she said, as she resumed her seat.

No answer. Not a word was spoken for more than an hour. Then Helen offered to the patient some of the freshly-prepared nourishment Chisholm brought to the bedside.

She could not take it. The lips and eyes were firmly closed; though her hand clung, with a faint pressure, to her daughter's.

Lord Estonbury came in and went up to the bed. A glance was sufficient.

After he had gone, a servant rode away from the door, to summon the physician.

He came in about an hour, looked at the dying woman, felt her pulse and forehead, then followed the marquis out of the room.

"The pulse has ceased at the wrist," he said. "She will not see another sunrise."

"She will never speak again!" demanded his lordship.

"Never, certainly."

The doctor remained for the rest of the night. His lordship did not go back into the sick room. He was sensible of a deep feeling of relief.

As the sun's first beams struggled through the curtained window, Helen was gently led from the sick room by her faithful maid.

Ada took her to her own chamber, arranged the cushions of the couch for her, and brought her a cup of tea and biscuits on a silver tray.

Her young mistress could touch nothing. But at the sound of a step in the hall, she suddenly started up, hurried to her escritoire and took a card from the drawer.

This she thrust into Ada's hand.

"Ada," she whispered, "if anything should happen to me, take this card to the lady whose name it bears. See: Miss Maur, Hotel —, Berkeley Square."

"I will, my lady," replied the maid, putting the card in her pocket. "Oh, my lady, I have wanted to say something. My lord says I must leave you."

Helen lifted her white face, full of anguish and despair.

"And at this time!" she murmured.

"Hush, my lady!" And at the instant the door opened to admit the marquis.

"What do you here?" he said, savagely, eyeing the trembling girl. "I forbade you to wait on Lady Estonbury."

"Pray, let her stay!" entreated Helen.

"Begone!" he commanded, fiercely. "You would hatch a plot between you, under my very eyes!"

A bitter curse on the treachery of women followed.

"My lord," pleaded Helen, "Ada is my maid, and used to my ways! I implore you not to send her from me now!"

"Begone!" he reiterated. "Leave the house this instant! Chisholm shall send your things. Am I to be obeyed?"

The menacing tone left no alternative.

The maid came and knelt down before the mistress she loved, took her hand and kissed it.

In one look Helen saw that she would do all her bidding. Then Ada retired from the room.

"Ada, my dear," groined the girl, "you shall have an attendant proper for you, and faithful to my interests. Chisholm shall take that girl's place."

"I do not want Chisholm," wailed Helen.

"But I choose to place you in her charge."

"To steal out again, and meet some one in a conspiracy against your lawful lord?"

"How can you speak so to me, at such a time?"

"Oh, you would not let times, nor rules of etiquette, stand in your way! But I have upped your wings, my lady; they will flutter against bars, hereafter!"

"Lord Estonbury!"

"Yes, madam, I don't care how soon you know it. I hate you; I have always hated you!"

"Why did you hate me?"

"Because I was forced into it! Your lady mother, who lies dead, now, had my title and fortune in her power, and threatened to deprive me of them if I did not wed her daughter. As long as she lived, she could use this power; now, I am free—free for hate and revenge!"

"I have never wronged you, my lord. I did not want you to marry me."

"But you are the cause of much trouble to me; and for that I shall punish you. You shall no longer enjoy the state and wealth I bought so dearly, and of which you would deprive me, if you could! I will be freed from your hateful presence—forever!"

"You will not live with me, you mean?"

"I will make my bed in the snake's den, before I will share in your woe! But I will not leave you free, to hatch conspiracies. You shall have a safe place."

"You cannot imprison me, my lord!"

"I cannot! We will see."

"You could not keep me a prisoner in your house."

"I do not mean to."

"Whither would you send me?"

"I do not mind telling you. Do you remember, once, driving over — Heath, the high walls of a secure retreat, with spikes on the top, and the grim old stone building above them? You asked what it was?"

"The — Heath Insane Hospital!" exclaimed Helen, with a cry of horror.

"Exactly; that is to be your home for life."

"But I am not insane! I have never been mad!" shrieked the terrified young creature, starting to escape from the room.

The tyrant intercepted her.

"A wife is insane who makes promises to a demented mother, to work harm to her husband! who steals out at night to meet some fellow-conspirator! Oh, my lady! your doom is sealed!"

"My lord! my lord! You will not do this cruel wrong! I have never been mad; you know it!"

"You may be driven so, shortly, by the sights and sounds you will have around you!" sneered the brute, a fierce, malignant gleam of triumph showing his teeth through his dark mustache.

"My lord! if you are not just, at least be humane! I will go into obscurity, I will obey you by keeping out of your sight, and living in poverty; but do not condemn me to a fate so horrible!"

She sunk on her knees; her deathly face upturned in frenzied supplication. But her tyrant had no mercy; he laughed, a laugh of fiendish malice.

"Not a word you can say will move me from my purpose!" he hissed in her ear. "I have already spread the report that your mind has given way from your vigil at your mother's sick-bed. Chisholm will take charge of you—and her husband will help her—till after the funeral. I suppose we must carry the deceased to Estonbury Court; you shall go, guarded, in a separate carriage, and with a medical attendant! Every scream, every appeal for help—remember—will tell against you. Immediately after the funeral, you will be removed to the Hospital."

"And it is your deliberate purpose to do this wickedness!" gasped the helpless prisoner.

"It is! You cannot escape your fate."

His hand was on the knob of the door.

"Then Heaven in mercy save me!" faltered Helen, as she sunk to the floor in a swoon.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RIGHT SHALL BE!

THE news of the death of the Dowager Marchioness of Estonbury spread over London.

There was a meeting of Reginald Holmes, Lord Swinton, Wallrade, and his solicitors, to examine the evidence contained in the papers placed in his hands by young Lady Estonbury.

The packet was sealed with the late marquis's own seal, and had evidently never been opened since it was closed by his own hand. He had, it was manifest, wished to provide, under any circumstances of opposition, for the establishment in his rightful inheritance of his brother's son.

When the late marquis went on the Continent with his wife, he had news of an elder brother's escape from shipwreck, and his residence in Kaiserswerth.

The news had come privately to him, in a letter signed by Egbert, who was in failing health. He wished to see his brother before his death.

He had, therefore, secured the title, and did not intend to disturb him in the enjoyment of the inheritance. His friends in England might continue to suppose him lost at sea.

The boy the noble pair carried with them from England and died suddenly at Antwerp. Lord Estonbury had never doubted that this infant was his own son, and his wife did not deceive him. His grief at the loss was the greater because he looked forward to the accession of the deceased heir-at-law, Maurice Howard, whom he knew to be a villain unworthy of a place in the peerage of England.

His first visit to his brother was before the birth of little Reginald. Four months later, Egbert wrote for him. He was then near death, and anxious of the future of his infant boy. He placed him solemnly in the care of his brother.

"Bring him up as your own," he said. "May God deal by you as you deal by him."

Lord Estonbury received the trust, promising himself that he would do his duty to the infant boy, and to his brother's death he went to Italy with his wife.

It was at the solicitation of Lady Estonbury that the boy passed as their own son. She urged that they might continue in the enjoyment of the magnificent income and the ancient title. Both would fall to Reginald in due course of time.

His lordship consented to the fraud.

But he lavished a tenderness on the boy which few but fathers could feel. He took possession of the boy, and he preserved the papers as might be necessary to prove the legitimacy of Reginald's birth, and drew up a full statement of his father's escape from shipwreck, his marriage with a poor country girl, and residence on the Rhine; her death followed by his, etc. A certificate of birth and adoption of the child accompanied Egbert's solemn recognition of Almeria Stenhaus as his lawful wife and the mother of his heir, with the declaration of two witnesses of the marriage, and other necessary papers.

His lordship added his own declaration that he held the title and estates in trust for his infant nephew, and it was his purpose to surrender them to him when he came of age, etc.

These papers had been intended to secure the inheritance of Reginald. In case of his rights being disputed, Lady Estonbury had been compelled to promise that they should be carefully preserved. But she had persuaded her husband from time to time after Reginald came of age, to put off the important declaration and surrender.

His lordship's sudden death by apoplexy released her from his control.

She had long wished to make her daughter the marchioness; and we have seen how she tried to accomplish her schemes.

Maurice Howard, however, preserved the papers, placing them in a secret compartment of her cabinet. Only the fear of death and the awful judgment that must follow had led her to confide the secret to her daughter, enjoining it upon her to do justice when she should have passed from earth.

The papers completed the links of evidence leaving no doubt, or room for question, that Reginald Vane Thorpe was the rightful Marquis of Estonbury.

It was decided to commence proceedings immediately after the funeral of the late dowager.

The papers were ready to be served on the man who now held the title wrongfully through his London solicitors.

The entire household, it was ascertained, had set out that morning for Estonbury Court, bearing in a hearse the body of the deceased dowager.

On the evening of that day, Ada, the discarded maid, came to the Hotel —, in Berkeley Square, and asked for Miss Maur.

She was at once received by Alicia, who was astonished when she heard that his lordship had discharged her, in his fury at her supposed connivance at Lady Estonbury's last visit to her at the hotel.

"Do you think he had discovered where your lady went?" she asked.

"I cannot tell," was the answer. "I think he only suspected. I was on the watch, and I let no one in. That old cat, Chisholm, came peering round; but I sent her about her business; and then my lord came, with the heavy scowl, and asked for my mistress, which I told him your lady was sleeping. She came in directly after that."

"He could not have discovered anything if none of the servants saw her."

"None of them did, I am sure of that, miss. But I saw her, and I was nearly dead with the fit of trembling, the next day—yesterday morning—when my lord went in to my lady, and bade me begone, as I was never to wait on her again! And I listened at the door, miss, and heard him tell her she was a prisoner, and the two Chisholms should be her jailers, and she should never be set free; never at all!"

"Did he threaten that?"

"Ay, miss, and worse! He said he was going to shut her in the — Heath mad-house, after the funeral! Her mother's funeral—poor dear!"

"Did you hear him say that?"

"Indeed I did, miss; and when he went out of the room calling for Chisholm, I peeped in, and saw my poor, dear lady lying all in a heap on the floor, like a snow-drift!"

Alicia ran to the bell and rung it in great excitement. She ordered her father and Reginald sent for; Wallrade too; and she began putting

on her traveling dress, while she gathered all the information the weeping Ada could give her.

The same night she left the house, and the creature had sent her only friend to crave succor of her, in her terrible dread of the vengeance of a villain.

When the gentlemen came, a few words sufficed. There was not one dissenting voice.

The same night she left the house, and the creature had sent her only friend to crave succor of her, in her terrible dread of the vengeance of a villain.

But it was after noon of the following day before they arrived at the village near it.

The deceased dowager had lain in state during that and the preceding day, and the funeral was to take place the next morning.

What news of the young marchioness?

The story had been whispered about that her ladyship's reason had given way under the strain of her mother's death. She had worn herself out with watching. His lordship was in great distress about her. She had not been able to leave her room; nor had she been seen by any of the servants.

Ada, her late maid, took advantage of the confusion to mingle with the other housemaids; but she could learn nothing except that the two Chisholms had charge of their young lady; that she had eaten nothing, drank nothing, and had not been "herself" since her bereavement.

The husband's purpose was manifest.

But her rescuers could do nothing till the funeral, and she could learn nothing except that the two Chisholms had charge of their young lady; that she had eaten nothing, drank nothing, and had not been "herself" since her bereavement.

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The

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In this issue we give so much space to serials as to somewhat restrict our usual liberal variety of sketches and miscellaneous matter. Readers will, however, scarcely miss the minor matter in the greater interest which the fine romances will excite. And yet, there is no lack of variety, exceptionally crowded as the columns are with running romances. Something good here for every reader! Is it not so?

We have in hand a new story by the author of "The Pretty Puritan," which will be a surprise and a delight. It is so fresh, unique and unconventional in plot, method and people that it is positively "something new under the sun," and will add another to our rosary of novelties for the season.

Sunshine Papers.

Small Talk.

SMALL TALK; the very smallest kind of talk; the only talk known to half the young people of the world—what is it?

Well, you hear it on the cars, something in this strain. Young man escorting a young woman, to visit his sister Helen, says to his fair and stylish companion:

"What kind of a time have you had this summer?"

"Oh! perfectly lovely! Went to Newport, and had just the gayest larks! It was superb there, this season!"

"Yes, I suppose so. It is a charming place, if one doesn't get any of the nasty fogs, you know. Did you get any fogs?"

"Only one the whole time. Wasn't it gorgeous?"

"Yes, indeed, gorgeous; but then of course you went out in it, to improve your complexion!"

"Heavens! how horrid of you! How dreadful you must think my looks!"

"Not a bit; they could not be improved; only I meant all Newport ladies do go out in the fogs. So you had a good time; I heard of you there."

"You did! Who told you?"

"Oh; never mind."

"But you must tell me."

"Oh, I can't."

"Then you are a horrid thing! Come, who was it?"

"Guess."

"Was it Helen?"

"Yes."

"What did she tell you?"

"Never mind."

"But I must know. Do tell me."

"No, I cannot."

"Did she read you my letters?"

"No."

"Oh, tell me what she said."

"No, I mustn't."

"Yes, you must! What was it?" Coaxing falling to prevail, a new subject is introduced, after a little preliminary pouting.

"You've no idea what divine dancing we had this season?"

"Don't I wish I'd been there! Did you have much?"

"Oh! no indeed! Yachting and boating is quite passe, now. No one who is good style would think of such things!"

Two young women in a stage: "Are you going to Jennie Ray's party?"

"Of course; shan't you? What shall you wear?"

"A new blue silk; it is just divine. What shall you?"

"Tulle and rose vines; you've no idea how sweet it is!"

"Isn't that dress lovely the new actress in 'The Smitten Heart' wears?"

"Oh! perfectly charming. I just go to theaters to see the dresses, don't you?"

"Well, I don't care much for the plays, except the exciting romantic ones. Isn't Adolph Jones, in 'The Murderous Lovers,' a love of a man? I'm wild over him!"

"So am I!"

"Have you read 'That Husband of Mine'?"

"No; it is too dry. I like such sweet books as 'The Stolen Bride,' and 'The Deserted Wife.'"

Young women at home: "Alice, which do you like better, ruffles or side-plaiting?"

"Ruffles are sweet; side-plaiting is nice, too; which are you going to have?"

"I don't know; I shall tell the dressmaker to be just as stylish as possible, and leave it all to her. What is the firing for?"

"I heard pa say something about its being Evacuation day."

"Evacuation day! What's that?"

"Don't ask me. I didn't trouble my head about it; something the same as election day, I suppose."

"Oh, don't speak of election days; they are horrid; such a time about some stupid man getting to be governor or president. Just as if it made any difference who it was, or if there were any governors or presidents at all. I don't see what good they are, that people make such a time over them. For my part I think it would be lovely to have a king or queen, so that we could copy the dresses and go to the grand balls. See how stylish the French people are, because they have the Empress Eugenie to pattern after."

"Why, Eugenie is dead; or at least she is not in Paris, now."

"Isn't she? Well, I suppose some other queen is."

"No, I heard pa talking about a Mr. Thiers dying, who was head man in Paris."

"Oh, you are thinking of Tweed, that man that was brought here from somewhere, and was so dreadfully rich once."

"Perhaps so; but let us practice that new duet. Harry Haynes may call to-night and we must play it for him."

Young man calling on a young woman: "Isn't it a horrid night?"

"Just awful. Don't you hate storms?"

"Yes, don't you? You are very brave to venture out."

"Oh, no! You don't suppose I could have stayed home?"

"Couldn't you?"

"How should I know?"

"Oh, you do know. Aren't you going to play for me?"

"I don't know anything to play."

"Play Blue Bird Polka."

"I don't know where my notes are; and I don't play much either."

"Oh, yes you do, I know. Come, do play."

"I have a sore finger."

"Well, just play a little."

"I will try."

"Do you like Chopin's compositions?"

"I don't like anything but Strauss; he writes waltzes and things."

"Yes, his waltzes are lovely," etc., etc.

Gone.

He says: "Mighty pretty girl, and dresses nicely, and has a rich father; I'll have to keep my eye on her."

She says: "What an entertaining fellow!"

Bah! A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

"INTER NOS."

BETWEEN ourselves there are a great many odd persons in this world who have queer ideas and strange notions, and many who like to run along in the old ruts, not caring to grow wiser as the world grows older, just like a neighbor of mine, who is averse to making any new kind of a cake lest she should spoil it in the making and so lose the ingredients, or at least waste them. She still uses candles—tallow dips—which do not dispel the darkness, but do injure her eyes in the vain endeavor of striving to see. Kerosene she will have none, not even in the can, for fear it may explode—"explore," she styles it—and then she wonders why her eyes ache and the stitches in her work go "every which way."

Others there are who read of the new means by which to retain our health and eyesight but are so wedded to their old ideas and their own notions that they will not profit by what they read; but are so impolite as to call these noted physicians, who give their lives to study how we can retain our lives, "nothing but luncheon." I suppose it has always been so. Our ancestors may have laughed at the idea of traveling by steamboat and railway cars just as we now laugh at the idea of aerial navigation; still the latter may be accomplished, even if not in our day.

You see, we feel just a little piqued to discover that there are wiser heads than ours. It's an awful thing to consider that some individuals know more than we do, now, isn't it? But, I do believe that is just the reason people will not believe in any "new-fangled notions."

Between ourselves, I think many are too quick to jump at conclusions. I've heard of a person who does not admire the works of Charles Dickens simply because he was not interested in his "Life of Grimaldi," and because he found that uninteresting, he jumped at the conclusion that all of Dickens's novels were like that. One might just as well say he didn't like the Bible because the first chapter of St. Matthew was not of an exciting nature. Another is fierce in his condemnation of dime novels, thinking that, because the original series has been imitated, and the imitation is a base one, the original can be no better! Arrant nonsense! Just read before you judge. I've read, and I'm not ashamed to own I wrote, and so on. On the contrary, I only wish I had sufficient talent to write as good a dime novel as some I've read.

Between ourselves, I have an apology to make, and one that I owe to several good people whom I would not willingly offend. Do you remember, some time ago, in one of my essays, I made a remark concerning the having of but two meals on Sunday, in the country, and I blush to say, rather ridiculing the idea! I know better now. I have been told the reason, and that is the reason of my apology. A good friend, who will read my essays, and who does not want me to offend by wholesale, says that many farmers' wives keep no servants—that, unless this Sunday two-meal arrangement was made, they could not go to church and return in time, especially, as in some cases, the church is some miles away. I did not think of that when I wrote, and I'm very sorry I wrote it, and if you'll only forgive me, I'll try not to offend again. When I am in the wrong I will acknowledge my fault. Is my apology accepted?

Between ourselves, I wonder why people do not seem to imagine it necessary to have any education if they are about to marry. What I mean is just this: A young female was informing a friend of mine that she was to be married in the spring, at which my friend re-

marked, "If you are to be married so soon, I should think it was needless for you to go to school this winter." That struck me as being a queer speech and a most extraordinary idea. Does all education stop at the threshold of matrimony? I don't believe in ignorant husbands and wives, and I don't believe education should cease when married life commences. One can educate oneself if one will only try to do so. Don't bring forward those hackneyed excuses, "no time," and "too old to learn." I think, when a person speaks of the "oppressiveness of the hemisphere," when she means atmosphere, a year or two more "schooling" will do her no harm, do you!

Between ourselves, I think one grows very weary of the remarks concerning the weather, especially when you are told a dozen times a day that "the weather is so warm," or "the weather is so cold." It grows somewhat monotonous, and one sighs for some other topic of conversation. One might inquire after the welfare of a neighbor's sore throat, but the invariable weather topic would creep out again in the answer: "Not so well to-day, Eve, the morning is so chilly; don't you think so?" Well, I suppose if some people did not have the "hemisphere" to talk about, but little conversation would be carried on; that is "inter nos," however.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

My Dream-Book.

I HAVE always been considered a first-class dreamer, and now have a great many dreams on hand, of assorted sizes and colors. In the interpretation of dreams I have been rated (like every thing) with Denial in the dan of lions, and with Joseph, who embarked in the furo business and got so rich. So splendid am I on the inter, that I have lately published a dream-book, from which I beg to extract a few extracts in a diluted form:

To dream of bedbugs is a sign that you will attain all the money you can grasp, and if that should fail, you ought to wake up and see if the bedbugs, at least, are not true.

To dream of crossing a bridge is a sign that you will die some day before you want to.

To dream of a comet is a sign that you are in a comet-ose condition, or that you will come-it over somebody in a trade.

To dream of feathers in a hotel bed is—merely a dream.

To dream of signing your name to another man's note is a bad sign, and likely to cause some more eventual sign!

If you dream that you are about to be hung it is a good sign, for it informs you that the time has come to begin to correct your mode of life.

To dream of nothing means that you have some kind of a future before you if you'll accept it, and none behind you.

To dream of oysters with the shells on is a bad omen for your abdomen.

To dream of a boot full of snakes means that you had better begin to let up a little.

To dream of a torch is a sure and never-failing sign that you will eventually go somewhere if you ever get started.

To dream of turkey is a sure sign of thanksgiving, and the question arises, "Ottoman or not give thanks for it?"

To dream that you are in the midst of enough money to pay four cents on the dollar of your liabilities, indicates that you had better make up your mind to permanently locate there—and pay up.

If you dream that all your debts are paid up, and that you do not owe a cent in the world, with plenty of bonds on hand that do not have to be taxed, you had better never wake up, and send me a thousand dollars for this advice.

If you dream that you are an angel with wings, the common supposition would be that you had better not come back—unless as a ghost.

To dream that you are falling down a coal-shaft for crimes which you have committed, indicates that you had better stay there and keep on falling.

Dreams go by contraries. If you dream that you are president of a bank, you can take yourself to one side and assure yourself that it is no such thing.

If a lady dreams that she has a suit of furs fetched from the north pole, it will prove that it is a fur-fetched dream. What for are such dreams?

If you dream that you fall from a four-story building and save yourself by catching on a sign, I should imagine that it would be a pretty good sign.

If you dream that you are going down street in the character of a wagon-wheel, and see two moons, it is an evening sign that there has been too much superfluity.

When you dream of onions you can have a strong scent of the fact that it indicates centless and penurious poverty, and if you do not wake and find yourself as far away from a cent, except of onions, as it is possible for a sane man to be and not know himself, you can have all my debts at three cents on the dollar.

To dream that somebody kicks you is a sign that you will get an unexpected start in business.

To dream that you see a saw means that you will meet a fellow who is saw-see, and make you see more stars than you ever saw.

To dream of an imp is a very imp-proper dream; it is imp-osing, imp-probable and impudent.

Dreaming of chickens is a good sign of a bad sign; you can begin to get mad for summer visitors.

To dream that you are nobody in the world means that you are making a fool of yourself.

To dream of falling is a good omen, especially to dream of falling from a cliff.

To dream that you are reveling in all the gorgeous delights of house-cleaning is a sorrowful sign, as a general thing.

To dream of spilling your coffee means that you have an enemy, or will at last succeed in making one if you work industriously at it.

To dream that you are being burned for heresy is a sign of somebody's cold feet.

To dream that you are going through a thrashing machine and getting all chewed up is a sign of unalloyed happiness, and you should try to feel comfortable, and order more thrashing machines.

To dream of a dispute indicates that before thirteen years pass you will have cross words with your wife, unless something extraordinary occurs.

To dream of fishing means that you will have some money sometime if you go to work for it in the right kind of a manner.

To dream that you are sitting up on the top of your own head whittling tooth-picks is an unfailing sign that something is about to take place.

To dream that you discharge a gun on account of bad behavior, is a veritable sign that inside of twelve months will be a year.

To dream that you go around settling all your tailor's, boot and butcher's bills is a very good sign if it would only last.

To dream that your wife is the most amiable and loveliest woman in the world is an uncompromising assurance that it is too good to be true.

If you dream that you are your wife's old aunt you had better write your will with a few leavings to the subscriber, and proceed to never wake up.

To see straws in your dreams, scattered here and there, with mint-juleps for foundations, is a very sorrowful, sorrowful sign.

To dream that you see a ship is a sign that you have hopes of getting married—again.

To dream that you are choking on the boot-jack is a sure sign that you will be broken down by being broken up—if that will do you any good.

To dream that you are going into a seaport is a sure indication that you have gone to see port too much.

To dream of work is a splendid dream. It shows that you are in a normal condition, and is much better than the awful reality.

To dream of an enemy is a token that somewhere in some corner of the earth there is some one who would be your friend—if you had loose money enough about you.

To dream of an elephant is an unfailing sign of something or other.

To dream of a balloon is a sign that you will get on an awful high, unless you put a brick in your hat to keep yourself down.

To dream that you are Cincinnati is a sign that you shall not adopt that character, unless the Constitution of the United States is terrifically changed.

Yours, dreamily,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—Over two hundred and seventy-five quartz locations in Custer and Pennington counties, Black Hills, have been entered.

—The average length of life of Quakers is remarkably high in England. The greatest number of deaths occur between seventy and eighty years of age.

—A man named James James lives in Texas who is 104 years old, and who has drunk whiskey for eighty years. Notwithstanding his peculiar name and his festive habit, he was never afflicted with the "jims."

—A mouse without feet, legs, neck, or tail, is the property of Pat Meehan, a laborer, in Peoria, Ill. The head is joined to the body without any neck, and besides these misfortunes it is blind. Meehan intends selling it to some circus proprietors.

—Akron, Ohio, with a population of 17,000, owes not a dollar. No debt and light taxes insure prosperity, and Akron is growing rapidly. Older and larger municipalities would do well to imitate the financial example of this thrifty young city.

—Mr. Rawlinson, a noted sanitarian in England, who spent much time and labor upon investigations connected with the pollution of rivers, etc., has come to the conclusion that the worst town water would be more wholesome than the best beer for daily use.

—Another illustration of the fact that inventors seldom realize the benefit of their own inventions is the recent death of John Young, the inventor of the clothes-wringer, at Amsterdam, N. Y., in comparative poverty. He once sold a conditional right to a Boston firm for \$5,000, when he might have realized \$100,000.

—"Beware of counterfeiters" is an injunction that should be heeded just now, particularly in the West, where some quite clever rogues, in the silver dollars are in circulation. They are made of block tin, bismuth, and pulverized glass. They are said to imitate exactly the true color and ring, and are about right in weight.

—Lee Wung Sin, a laundryman of this city, has in his possession a set of rice sticks which have been in use in his family for nearly one thousand years, and have descended as heirlooms from father to son. They are made of bone, and are colored black and shaped like ordinary rice sticks. Lee Wung Sin says they have served rice to hungry people's mouths at least 1,100,000 times.

—India-rubber tires on the wheels of carriages, and on the wheels of motor-cars, are one of these vehicles, silently gliding along on a moonlight night, has a very weird effect, and if the horse had India-rubber shoes as well, the whole affair would be horribly ghost-like. People who do not hear remarkably well ought also to catch the words of a speaker at an almost incredible distance.

—Mr. Edison, who, it will be remembered, is somewhat deaf, writes to a Boston gentleman that he has invented a new diaphragm which, attached to his ear, will so gather and condense sound vibrations as to enable him to hear with ease the slightest sound, even that of the dropping of a pin. It is his intention in the future to apply this to the phonograph, so that speeches or debates may be registered at a distance from the speaker. At present one may apply it to his ear in a crowded assembly and catch the words of a speaker at an almost incredible distance.

—The tornado which lately swept over Mineral Point, Wis., carried a lady 400 feet through the air. Seven ladies and five children were in a large two-story frame house when the storm burst upon the town, and they all ran downstairs into the cellar. Mrs. T. C. Roberts fancied that one of the children had been left behind, and went back to find her. Mrs. Maria Waller followed her, and before she could return the house tottered and she was blown out of doors hundreds of feet and instantly killed. Mrs. Roberts was badly injured, but succeeded in crawling down the stairway into the cellar. The house was blown down, and huge rocks were hurled into the basement, and the women and children escaped.

—A new mammoth cave has been discovered in Wyoming Territory. Not long since a dozen herders planted a windlass near the mouth of the cavern on Table Mountain, and a man went down with a lantern, clinging to a rope and spinning round a dozen times before he reached the bottom. There was a sheer descent of eighty-two feet to the bottom, where a passage 100 feet long led to subterranean chambers and vaults of enormous dimensions. The ceiling was fully sixty feet from the floor, and was studded with countless stalactites of all sizes, from a few inches to fifteen feet in length. The floor was covered with cones and stalagmites, like inverted icicles. In many places the stalactites were hung together, having the appearance of huge hour-glasses, and forming a number of pillars from floor to ceiling, adding to the grandeur of the scene.

—American riflemen may draw any inferences they please from the refusal of their British rivals to accept the challenge to send over a team of marksmen to compete at the targets this year. *The Globe* (London) accords them this gracious privilege. They are cautioned against harboring the presumption that the Briton has "caved in" because he has not bound himself to shoot this year; nor will it be safe for them to infer that the American breech-loader is the best shooting-iron in the world.

The critic is not disposed to underrate the merits of the weapon or the marksmen. Both are admirable; but it is thought that in the United States the native team divide the credit evenly between the rifle and the man who uses it.

The critic concedes that in fancy shooting Americans have reached a state of perfection to which British riflemen have not aspired.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Bitter Bitten," "Lovely Trio," "Hope," "Young Maidenhood," "Joy on Earth," "Bonnie Belle of Light in Darkness," "Pass in Corner," "A Dollar," "Garret's Neighbors," "A Lesson in Good Manners."

Declined: "Dethroned," "Kiss Me," "Wrecked in the Tropics," "A Queer Consul," "The Old Man Blighted," "Being and Having," "Wild this Summer Bring the Dream," "Keep the Secret, Sweet," "The Dress of Clouds," "Father First and Brother Next," "The Mountain Meet," "Old Wine in New Bottles."

CHAR. B. The story "Boy Chief" (Dime Novel No. 389) is by Ool Coomes—not by Ool Ingraham.

BROWNIE MAINE. Try the experiment once or twice. If it is not all that you have been promised it can be dropped and no harm done. You are certainly free to act for yourself.

G. A. N. We see no occasion for the question. By all the rules of the game if the ball does not go quite through the wicket it gives you no right to two strokes on the next turn, or at the next turn you knock through the wicket of course that gives you an additional stroke.

THOS. B. S. Subscription entered. Syringe the bushes or vines with a strong solution of kerosene, or with kerosene, or soda made of whale-oil soap. Also dust leaves with flour of sulphur. For trees that are affected there really is no remedy but birds, save carefully cutting off and burning every leaf loaded with eggs.

THE DAY IS GONE.

BY ERN E. STILLMAN.

The day is gone—
A day that is tried and proven complete;
The morning sun
Ere it comes, tires my weary, lagging feet.
The morning sun
Rose thro' a cloudless sky, and love arose,
A beautiful One,
Within my heart, and with it calm repose.
The starless night
Spreads her cloak of gloom o'er the land and sea;
No beacon light
No ray of hope, the dark for me.
Oh, day so fair!
Why could you not with me forever stay?
Oh, love more fair,
Why could you not outstay the fleeting day?
The day is gone!
A day that is tried and proven complete!
But life for me is now no longer sweet!

Typical Women.

JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Mrs. FREMONT may be called a remarkable woman in a peculiar sense. Though she has had her share of adventure and active life, she is hardly a subject for history. She has not, like Mrs. Gaines, associated her name with any great cause or event, nor has she had a life mission like Miss Nightingale. Yet what she has done is not of less real importance in that it has been an influence only discernible in its effects upon other minds. Had she lived in France, she might have entered openly into the arena of politics, and ruled in the councils of the nation. In America her sphere of action was limited; but no control could fetter the animating spirit she sent forth, through her social relations, acting on minds that controlled the destinies of the country. No woman has had a more extensive acquaintance with leading statesmen, and few who have known her have failed to be swayed, one way or another, by the force of her powerful nature.

She always possessed extraordinary clearness and quickness of perception, with a brilliancy of wit in her lively conversation. It is the great charm of her humor and repartee, that they are perfectly spontaneous. Almost at all times her discourse is sparkling—flashing, it may be said—with rich and picturesque illustration. In this she resembles her cousin, William C. Preston, of South Carolina. Probably few women in the United States ever equaled her in this kind of splendor. There is vivid force in her word-painting. She elicits new ideas as she speaks on the most ordinary topic, and her fancy gives a fresh coloring to old ones. Her ornament, wit, is unstudied as the play of a sunlit fountain.

She is a woman of rare culture, and has her mind enriched by observation in the varied scenes she has witnessed. Yet there is no pedantry about her, and while she enriches the lightest social gossip with her mental stores, she does it without effort or even consciousness. In person and manner she has been said to resemble her father, the distinguished Colonel Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, who sat thirty-one years in the United States Senate. Her birthplace was a picturesque spot in Virginia, on the estate of her maternal grandfather, Colonel James McDowell. This was in Rockbridge county, extending "from the valley to the tops of all the hills in view," the point of view being a lakelet formed by the meeting of two streams crossing the valley. Mrs. Fremont's great-grandfather held the original grant of this domain, with a thousand acres in Greenbrier county, and other thousands in Kentucky. These grants had been made by the British Government to their young officers, in reward for military service. The inheritance of these magnificent estates divided his patrimony with his mother and sisters. The most careful cultivation was bestowed on the lands, the chief crops being tobacco and wheat. The Scotch settlers had introduced a thorough system of farming; the best imported stock and horses belonged to the property, and the thrift, order and abundance that reigned were worthy of the most prosperous era of the early Virginian planters, who were like kings and princes in the land. These lords of the soil were often distinguished not only by noble aspect and dignity of manner, but by uprightness, justice, and liberality, with a temperance rare in those days.

The dwellers in this region, at that period, presented an illustration of the country life peculiar to the true Virginia home. It was the pride of the property to have it known that they lived on land that had never been bought or sold; and that in sixty years no negro had been transferred to another owner. Each plantation was a little principality, producing within its own limits everything needed except groceries and fine furniture, not far south of Richmond in the wagons that carried the harvest of flour and tobacco. The central portion of Virginia, cradled among the mountains, where lie the Sulphur Springs, the Hawk's Nest, the Natural Bridge, and other wonders of scenery, was so fertile and rich enough for the operation of planting interests, was the region where the old ancestral pride and contempt of more moneyed-aristocracy subsisted in sternest purity. Its farming, rather than trading or planting interests, was first spoken in upon after the invention of the cotton-gin, which revolutionized Southern interests. Many among the leading families—such as the Randolphs, Wythes, McDowells, and others—had no belief in the continuance of slavery. Some went further, and, in their wills, emancipated their slaves, while others did so during their lives. Mrs. Benton, the mother of Mrs. Fremont, was one of these; and she gave the freed slaves a helping hand, supporting them by way of giving them a start in independent life till they could live alone.

It is interesting to look back on those days, never to return for Virginia. Then, pedigree was a prized qualification; and the title, "Virginia gentleman," since usurped and brought into ridicule, had a meaning. Simplicity of character, good faith, honesty of purpose, loyalty to a conviction, a liberal hospitality, and a life spent in the honorable discharge of duty, were indispensable traits. Thackeray gave us George and Henry Esmond as types of the best class in Virginia society. Could he have painted a lovable woman, he might have given the feminine side of the character. But Madame Esmond is only the colonial Englishwoman, losing the calmness that marked the caste, through the wear and tear of managing ignorant servants and tenantry.

In those days there was a classified, sifted, and solidly established order of society. There was a substantial foundation for prosperity and homely abundance, and a frank truthfulness in the mode of life, in contrast to the often deceptive display of commercial communities. A temporary show of splendor, at the cost of real impoverishment, would have been regarded by the staid, honest inhabitants as a kind of forgery for the purposes of an adventurer.

The daughters of prominent families went to school or to visit on horseback, and in their old-fashioned carriages, with attendant slaves; and their brothers-in-law, their special servants, dogs, guns, and horses. Besides the ordinary branches of education, and the duties of mistress of a household, the girls were taught fine embroidery and the care of their complexions. A high-born Virginia maiden would hesitate to spread her hands by turning a door-knob, or handling a heavy object. Long gloves and deep sun-bonnets were constantly worn, and they ate little meat or butter.

Colonel Benton's family, like the McDowells,

was of English extraction, and native to Virginia. His daughter Jessie passed her early years amid the beautiful scenery surrounding her birthplace, where four generations of cultivation had spared the time-honored oaks of the primeval forest. Mr. Benton, after his entrance on public life, kept his family in Washington every winter, where Mrs. Benton's winter circles were composed of the most distinguished persons in the capital. Her brilliant coteries were really as historical as the most famous ones of French princesses. Jessie was often a listener to social and political discussions, by which, unconsciously, her opinions were shaped. When she was ten years old she was invited to a ball at the Russian Embassy, because she could speak French and Spanish, and act as interpreter. Her first state dinner party was at the President's, when she was not quite thirteen. At fifteen she was first bridemaid to Madame Rochesse, Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, standing with her.

The journey to St. Louis requiring three or four weeks, it was only taken at the close of the short session of Congress. The family of Colonel Benton spent the time from March to November in their Western home. The big old yellow chariot, lined with red leather—christened "Cinderella's Pumpkin," was a time-honored and useful possession. From March to May they were sometimes in New Orleans. That city was a provincial Paris, far removed from the social laws that governed the Virginians. The changes of moral atmosphere, with the travel to and fro through the liberal and growing West, the polished and luxurious life of the Crescent City, with the varied experiences of Washington, where Europe as well as the United States was represented, contributed to enlarge the ideas of the young people.

In October, 1841, Miss Benton was married to Mr. John C. Fremont, then second lieutenant of engineers. She made her home with her family for eight years, her husband being often absent on long and dangerous expeditions. She acted as his private secretary and amanuensis. Sometimes she went to meet him at the frontier, in the country of the Delaware Indians; joining him in a tent or a log cabin. At her dinner-table Delaware chiefs, in courtesy, have rivalled the high-bred ease of men accustomed to the elegant culture of society. As she stood by him, she has entertained and been entertained "through not only the gamut, but the chromatic scale of society."

On Mrs. Fremont's first expedition to follow her husband to California, she was detained several weeks on the Isthmus of Panama, and suffered severely from the climate. On General Fremont's fourth expedition, commenced in Oc-

Fremont had made arrangements to reside in Paris some years with his family; but impending war demanded his services. Home. During the war St. Louis was for a time the home of his family. The anxieties and trials endured by Mrs. Fremont left their record on her luxuriant hair, which in a few days changed from a glossy brown to silvery whiteness. She has always regarded this gray hair as the sacred scars of a veteran.

For some years past Mrs. Fremont has left her house in New York and resided at her beautiful country seat on the Hudson, "Po-ca-no" (the old Indian name), near Tarrytown. The region is associated with recollections of the great manorial lords of colonial days, of wild adventures during the great Revolutionary struggle, of quaint Dutch customs, and curious traditions.

Mrs. Fremont's children received all their instruction at home. The cultivation of music was a part of her domestic life. Her library is a splendid one, containing the greater part of Humboldt's among its treasures, and all the standard works, with others rare and valuable. Mrs. Fremont was the teacher of her daughter, who is accomplished in several modern languages. She has also been an efficient co-worker in the management of several charitable institutions. In her benevolent labors she obtained sympathy and aid from many with whom she was associated in past years, for even political opponents remembered her with respect and esteem. At her request to Congress, a ship was granted to convey supplies to Charleston and other Southern ports. If in a railway station, she had a recognition and greeting from some statesman who has influenced the country's destiny, she often received afterward a letter from him referring to past events. She might go with certainty of welcome to homes in every State of the Union, and to nearly every country in Europe.

The Rejected Heart:

OR,
THE RIVAL CALPINE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER I.

A MAN'S HEART AND A WOMAN'S SOUL.

"He is not coming!"
The dark eyes of the speaker were lifted impatiently to the clock upon the mantel, the min-



"He pressed his lips caressingly upon her forehead."

tober, 1848, she accompanied him as far as a covered wagon in Kansas, and remained five or six weeks at the encampment.

In California, in the rough days of 1849, when there was gold and nothing else in the land, Mrs. Fremont found a new experience. The fullest tide of emigration had not yet set in. Her residence was at Monterey, and provisions were usually obtained from the Sandwich Islands. It was there the convention sat for framing a constitution for the State of California; and Mrs. Fremont has been assured that her experience and influence largely aided in the decision to make it a free State.

She had her full share in the adventure of Western life. At one time for six weeks she was not once in a house; sleeping in a traveling carriage, and moving about during the day. When lumps of gold and bags of gold dust were brought down from the mountains, there was no place for their deposit but under the carriage-seat, or in her trunks at Monterey. Some Spaniards from Sonora, working for General Fremont, received half the gold for their labors. Twenty of them wished to return to Sonora, and wrote to ask for their proportion. Fremont was at San Francisco; but he sent an Indian to Monterey with the key of the trunk—three days' journey by land—directing the Spaniards to open it, weigh out their part of the gold, and send back the key. This was done with perfect accuracy, not an ounce of gold being taken beyond their share.

The negotiations to which Fremont's proprietorship of the Mariposa property gave rise took him to Europe in the spring of 1852. Both he and Mrs. Fremont had a flattering reception from men eminent in science and letters. They spent a year of unbroken content in Paris. At the English court they were in the privileged list, including the diplomatic corps, on account of General Fremont's position, and his being one of the medalists of the Royal Geographical Society.

On her return to Paris, Mrs. Fremont saw the eagles of the Empire restored to the flags of the troops at the great review of the Champ de Mars, May 10, 1853. She saw the imperial nuptials, and attended all the fetes succeeding. The picturesque part of the new court interested her; but she preferred the genuine royalty of that "dingy St. James." She recalls a scene when she stood two hours in the throne-room of the English palace. Near her stood the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and on the wall hung a large picture of the battle of Waterloo; while at the head of the line of ladies belonging to the diplomatic corps stood the Countess Walewski, representing France as the ambassador of the empire of another Napoleon. She wore the famous Cis-Alpine pearls that cost poor Josephine so dear; this association, with the wonderful resemblance of Count Walewski to his imperial father, added to the effect of the historical grouping.

In the political campaign of 1856, when General Fremont accepted the Republican nomination for the Presidency, his wife sympathized cordially in his plans, acting as his secretary, and aiding him by her counsels. She was again in Paris in 1857, having had the large experience of a political revolution. General

Frederick Fremont was traveling remorselessly past the hour to which she had been looking forward with such glad anticipations all the long day.

She could not have been much over twenty, her round, full form displaying the graceful contour of early womanhood.

The features were regular, though the lips were fuller and the brows too heavy to make the general effect of the face pleasing, especially in her present mood.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed. The straight, black brows nearly met, while the gloom that overspread the face deepened to positive anger.

"He has broken his word again; he will not come to-night!"

These words had scarcely passed her lips, when the sudden clang of a gate broke the stillness outside, followed by a strong, though firm footfall upon the gravelled walk that led to the door.

The transformation that it wrought in that lowering face was something wonderful to behold; the light, bloom and sparkle that came to it, made it hardly recognizable.

She was at the door before it opened, throwing herself into the arms of the man who stood on the threshold with an abandonment of joy in strong contrast with the languid, *déshabillé* air of her visitor, who received her caresses and murmured words of endearment as something that was his due, and which called for no particular demonstration on his part.

He was about the medium height, elegantly formed, with a face that would have been called handsome by those who like the type of beauty it embodied. It was strongly senescent, despite a certain air of refinement, the result of his education and surroundings.

He looked like a man who would be good or bad as the impulse seized him, who lived for present enjoyment, with scarcely a thought beyond.

With his fair companion still clinging to his hands, he threw himself upon the lounge.

"I was beginning to fear that you were not coming."

"Will and Steve Marsden were down this afternoon. I came as soon as I could get away."

The bright face clouded. It was not business, then, that detained him, as she had hoped, but these gay young fellows, who had not one tithe the love for the claim on him, which was hers. It was easy to perceive, in glancing from face to face, that they both possessed the same impulsive, undisciplined nature, and that what, at first was a mutual attraction mingled, in the end, was a source of discord and variance.

"It is three days since you were here last."

"Is it?"

This, together with the tone in which it was spoken, completed the measure of Josie's discontent. The cloud deepened on the brow; all the tormenting doubts, the jealous fears, that had vanished in her joy at her lover's return, came back with redoubled force.

"They have seemed very long to me; the time has been when they would have seemed long to you, also."

"And the time has been when you received me with something else besides reproaches."

Josie was silent; the hardly-drawn breath and heaving bosom alone bearing witness to the struggle it cost her to repress the words, burning and fierce as her own fierce, untamed nature, which arose to her lips, but to which she dared not give utterance.

This man held her heart in his hand; she knew it, and so did he.

"I cannot help it! Oh! John, you seem so changed, so different from what you were when you first came to see me. Do you, really, love me as well now as then?"

There was something in this passionate outburst that touched John Remington's heart, a heart more selfish and thoughtless than hard and unfeeling.

He pressed his lips caressingly upon the forehead that was resting against his shoulder.

"Of course I love you, Josie; the change you complain of is in you, not me. I wish I could see you once more the merry, cheerful girl you were when I first knew you. Now you are jealous without any cause, and miserable at the least disappointment."

Josie lifted her head from the shoulder where it rested.

"You don't understand me, John; it is not these things, in themselves, which so torture me. Your presence is the very life and joy of my soul, but I could endure to be parted from you long and weary months if I were only sure that you loved me. It is the loss of your love that I fear. I can bear anything but that, anything but that!"

There was an uneasy look in the eyes that rested on that dark, impassioned face; the adoring love that this beautiful girl lavished so freely upon him had been very grateful to his vanity, and was so still. But there was something in the fierce vehemence of the passion he had inspired that not only startled him but oppressed him with a vague sense of fear.

To him it was but an episode, a pleasant variation to the monotony of his dull life in that out-of-the-way place. It pleased his self-love to see how she hung upon his words, how a frown or smile could bring the clouds or sunshine to her face; and he had gone on, from day to day and from week to week, thinking only of the present enjoyment, with not a thought beyond.

But she—she was terribly in earnest. The large blue eyes were full of tears, the cheeks pale, while the hand he took was cold and quivering like an aspen.

"Why, Josie, what has come over you, that you look and speak so strangely?"

"I will tell you. Cousin Jenny was here yesterday. She told me that people were talking about your coming here so much; that they said you were trifling with me; that you would

never think of marrying a poor, nameless girl like me."

The man shrunk visibly from the questioning look that accompanied these words.

"My dear girl, I have been very frank with you from the first. I am entirely dependent upon my father, a proud, stern man, who would certainly object very strongly to my marrying a poor girl. My marriage is something necessarily so remote that it is hardly worth while to dwell upon it now; but when I do marry it will be the woman that I love, you may be sure of that."

A soft, bright color came into the cheeks at the caress which followed these words, and which she had evidently interpreted as he intended she should. Vague as was all they implied, they satisfied her.

Josie lifted her head from the embrace to which she was folded.

"I can wait years, darling, if I am only sure of your love. Say that you love me one else as you love me!"

"I love no one else as I love you!"

But even as the words passed John Remington's lips, there glided up before his mental vision a fair, girlish face; he felt the soft touch of the hand that was laid in his five years before; heard the faint, tremulous voice from the lips of the dying blessing his betrothal.

Half an hour later, Josie stood by the window in the bright moonlight, watching the retreating form of her lover until it disappeared in a curve of the road.

Now that he was gone, who exercised over her such a strange and subtle fascination, a feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction crept over her.

She had not said to him what she meant to have said, nor had he said to her what she had hoped to hear from him.

Fatherless and brotherless, there had been no one to question him as to the meaning of the attentions he had paid her all the summer long, and the modesty that was inherent in her nature, in spite of all her faults, made her reluctant to suggest what the unerring instincts of her sex taught her should come alone from him.

He had been profuse in his professions of love and admiration, but she taxed her memory vainly to discover anything that could be tortured into a promise of marriage. Indeed he seemed to avoid the subject of marriage, even in a general sense, turning it off with a jest whenever she led the way to it, as she sometimes had, of late, in order to sound him.

She had made up her mind that she would have a definite understanding that evening, and had passed like every other; reproaches on her part followed by protestations on his, protestations which, taken out into the sunlight, meant little or nothing.

In the meantime John Remington took his way to his bachelor apartments at the "Eagle," where he found a letter waiting for him.

Breaking the seal, he made himself master of its contents; and looking over his shoulder, reader, we will do the same.

"SOS JOHN!—If you do not want to lose your betrothed wife and the rich dowry she will bring her husband, come home immediately. Walter Remington is here, of whom Irene always entertained a high opinion. A Quixotic act of his—an account of which I presume you have seen, as it was in all the papers—has deepened this favorable impression. It is my opinion that she is more than interested in him. Poor as Walter is, and hard as he has had to toil and drudge to get his education, it can't be denied but what he is a handsome, fine-looking fellow, with a manly, agreeable way with him, that is very taking, especially with women; and unless you come on, urging upon her the solemn claim that her father gave you, there is no knowing what will happen."

"There is one thing you may be sure of—your cousin is not a woman to fall, like a ripe peach, into any man's mouth. She is a girl to be wooed; and if you don't win her some one else will."

"Another thing, I have lost heavily during the past year. I have now only my estate at Broughton, the income of which will barely support me. So, if you let this rich prize slip through your fingers, you have only two alternatives, go to work, or starve. The latter you will not find to be a very pleasant operation, nor the former, with your habits, an easy thing to do."

"I enclose Irene's picture, by which you will see that she has blossomed into a very beautiful woman. Your father,"

"CHARLES REMINGTON."

John gazed with delighted surprise upon the pure, sweet face, which certainly was not of the Josie Harmon style of beauty. Perhaps its very contrast to the dark-eyed, dark-browed beauty he had just left, and of which his fickle heart was beginning to tire, was its chief attraction.

He could hardly bring himself to believe that it was the pale, shy girl who stood with him at the bedside of her dying father, and whose big blue eyes gazed out upon him with a look he never forgot.

"By Jove!" he cried, "it is the sweetest, loveliest face I ever looked upon! Surrender beauty like this, and half a million, to my cousin Walter! Not if I know myself!"

The early dawn of the following day found John packing his "traps," as he called them, preparatory to taking the first train East.

According to his usual habit, he delayed the most unpleasant part of his preparations as long as possible.

When everything else was done, he went to his desk, and, unlocking a small drawer, poured its contents out upon it.

It consisted of only some perfumed notes, an embroidered watch-case, a few withered flowers.

John glanced at them with a half-frown of impatience and annoyance, and then, as if anxious to get them out of his sight, thrust them into a large envelope.

As he did so, a long, jetty curl fell from out a folded paper, coiling itself around his wrist.

He shook it off as if it had been a viper.

How well he remembered the evening he severed it from its sister locks, and all the passionate protestations he uttered.

The fire had burned to ashes; a new fancy had taken possession of his fickle heart. And with a feeling of contempt at his folly, that extended to the unhappy girl he had so cruelly wronged, he thrust it among the other mementoes, and, seizing a pen, began to write.

He wrote half a page, and then, with a muttered "Fshaw!" tore it up. Commenced another, and tore that up, also.

Glancing at his watch, he saw that he had barely time to catch the train.

Taking another sheet, he scrawled upon it the simple word: "FAREWELL."

Placing it in the envelope, he directed it to Josie Harmon.

Then, seizing a small valise, he went downstairs, leaving the package at the clerk's office as he passed through.

Though thoroughly selfish, preferring his own ease and comfort to any one else's, John Remington was not a cruel man, in the ordinary acceptance of the word. He would sooner give pleasure than pain, if it did not require too much personal exertion and sacrifice on his part.

So some compunction mingled with the relief he experienced at having finally disposed of a matter that had perplexed him not a little, of late, though the sense of relief predominated.

"I have not really harmed the girl," he said to himself, as he took a seat in the cars that were bearing him swiftly away. "I've only flirted with her, as I have done with scores of others. If she is so simple-minded as to think me in earnest, it isn't my fault. She'll marry a better man, who will make her happier than ever I could. If I had taken dishonorable advantage of her love, as some men would, the case would be different."

And consoling himself with the thought that he was not an irredeemable villain, that there was "a lower deep" to which he might have sunk, John took from his vest-pocket his cousin's picture, alternately feasting his eyes upon its rare beauty, and indulging in gay visions of all he would do when he got possession of the wealth she would bring him.

"I'll have a yacht, and the fastest horse I can find!"

Then, as his thoughts reverted to his father's letter, his face darkened.

"I wonder what he meant by Walter's 'Quixotic act,' and which was in all the papers. I haven't looked at a paper for the last fortnight. Walter was my rival—a successful rival—at school and at college, winning golden opinions from every one, but let him not cross my path in this! If he does, he'll be sorry for it to the latest day of his life!"

CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

As Irene Carlton heard the clatter of horses' feet back of her, she drew the rein upon her docile, well-trained pony.

Perhaps it was the postman, going to Tower-Hill? The visits of the postman were quite an event to the occupants of that lonely, out-of-the-way place. But her first glance at the stalwart form of the rider showed her mistake.

There was something in the figure and carriage of the head that seemed strangely familiar, but it was not until he lifted the broad-brimmed hat from the bronzed face beneath that she recognized him.

"Cousin Walter!" she cried, in a tone of delighted surprise.

"Miss Carlton!" repeated Irene, reproachfully.

The smile that touched the lips had a transforming effect upon the face, almost too grave for her years.

He held warmly, for a moment, the gloved hand extended to him.

"Cousin Irene, then."

As the two rode along, side by side, in the broad country road, Irene glanced up at the bronzed and bearded face, wondering at the change three years had wrought in her companion.

How greatly he has improved!" she thought. She blushed slightly as she met the eyes fixed so intently upon her face.

"I was thinking how you had altered."

"I was having the same thought of you."

"Time works wonders."

"It does, indeed."

The tone in which this was spoken, that honest look of admiration, made the roses bloom still more brightly in Irene's cheeks.

If the young man had put all that he felt into words, it would not have been any more clear, or half so eloquent.

His was one of those quiet, though strong natures, which find it difficult to express their feelings in words. And it is doubtful as to whether he would have done so, in this instance, had it been otherwise.

But the warmth, the joy that gave to that lovely spring day such added bloom and fragrance found utterance in the tones of his voice, as he said:

"It almost seems as if you came down from the clouds. I certainly never expected to see you in this dull, out-of-the-way place."

"It is dull," confessed Irene, with a half-sigh; "I should never have chosen it for myself. We—aunt Remington and myself—are stopping at Tower-Hill."

"Tower-Hill?" echoed Walter; "how did you

come to choose that place? It is nearly a mile from the village, and with no advantage that I know of except its isolation and loneliness."

"It was uncle Remington's choice, not mine. He thought that it would be better for my aunt, in her present state of health, to be where there was no company or excitement. I did not know you were located at Crawford. Do you not find it dull?"

"I have been here only a few months. No, I can't say that I find it dull. I am very busy. There is nothing like having plenty to do to keep away the blues."

As Irene looked at the strong, self-reliant face, she thought he was not one who would be likely to be troubled with the blues.

"So you are practicing your profession?"

The head, with its rings of chestnut hair, was again bared to the sunshine. With a low bow, he said:

"I am a country doctor; very much at Miss Carlton's service."

"You don't look a bit like one!" laughed Irene. "However, I am glad to find that you meet with so much success as to be in such great demand."

The young doctor smiled.

"That is according to how you look at it. I have a good many patients, but they are not very remunerative. In fact, some of them detract from, rather than add to, my income. Here comes one of them now."

A turn in the road brought a quaint, rustic figure into view, clad in a cotton gown and gingham apron, not over clean, and much the worse for wear.

Partly hidden by a faded shawl that was wrapped around it, a baby lay sleeping on her arm.

As soon as she saw Walter, she pushed back the sun-bonnet from her head; revealing a face, young, and yet so old—years in years, but old with the cares and sorrows of maternity, sharpened by poverty and grinding toil.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Brown! How is baby?"

"A deal better, thanks to you, doctor."

As if in corroboration of this statement, baby opened his round, bright, wondering eyes.

"Let me see."

Taking the child from its mother's arms, Walter held it up where he could get a clearer view of the little wan face.

"He's doing famously."

"He has spells of worryin'," said the anxious mother.

"It's his teeth, together with what you gave him. Let him have no more soothing syrup, Mrs. Brown, but plenty of bread and milk, and air and sunshine, and he'll come out all right. He's a fine little fellow, and will live to be a famous man—one of our future Presidents, who knows?"

There was actually a smile upon the mother's pinched, careworn face, as Walter laid the child back in her arms.

"Thank'ee, doctor. I'm sure it's all your doin's that's kept my baby alive. He was a dreadful sick child when we sent for ye. I dun know how in the world I'm goin' to pay ye for't. I've got some proper nice yarn, that I spun myself; an' if it so be that you'd like some woolen socks fur next winter—"

"Well, wait till next winter comes," interrupted Walter. "Where are you taking the little man?"

"To mother's. I'm goin' to the village, an' calk'tate to leave him there till I come back. His grandmaw's mazin' fond of him."

"That's right. Take him out every day, if possible."

Walter cast a half-apologetic, half-comical look at Irene as they moved on.

"This is dull music for you, cousin. But, if you will claim relationship with a country doctor, on his daily rounds, you must take the consequences."

"Indeed, I was much interested in the poor woman," returned Irene, inwardly resenting the implication that she was only a fashionable butler, which she fancied her cousin considered her. "I am glad we met her. What a different look she had when she went on. It almost seemed like another face."

"Well, yes; a cheering word or smile has a wonderful effect upon these poor, discouraged souls, into whose life there falls so little sunshine, often doing them more good than medicine."

"I see so much wretchedness and poverty after I am unable to relieve," resumed Walter, after a pause, "that I often think what a blessed thing it must be to be rich."

Irene colored, as she thought how little she had realized her blessedness in this respect.

"I am afraid that I have thought very little of this—as yet."

Walter smiled as he looked upon the frank, ingenuous face.

"You have plenty of time before you, and plenty of ways and opportunities by which you can make up for all deficiencies in the past."

"Ah, but I shall expect your help in regard to the latter."

"I shall only be too glad to render it. I know of so many cases where a little money, judiciously expended, would do so much good."

Dr. Remington made a few brief calls at some houses scattered along the road, and then turned up the steep, narrow one that led to Tower-Hill.

"I hope I am not taking you out of your way, cousin?"

"No; I have finished my route in this direction. All the rest of my patients are beyond."

Irene looked at the speaker.

How profuse most men of her acquaintance would have been in their protestations of the pleasure it gave them to accompany her! He said nothing; but there was something in his look and manner which made her quite sure that it was a pleasure to him.

"When were you in Concord last?"

"I attended some medical lectures there last winter."

"Perhaps you did not know I was in town?"

Walter was too honest to dissimulate.

"Yes, I knew it."

"And never came to see me?"

Not caring to give the real reason, the rudeness and discourtesy of her guardian, Walter was silent.

Perhaps Irene had some suspicion as to how it was, for she hastened to say:

"Never mind, now; I will forgive you this time. Only see that you don't repeat it!"

Irene shook her finger laughingly at her cousin as she said this.

They were now in front of the building known for miles around as Tower-Hill, so named from the tower that ran up to quite a height from the main part of it.

It was quite pretentious in its design, only a part of it being completed. The owner dying while it was in the course of erection, and his estate being somewhat involved, his heirs never finished it.

Springing from his horse, Walter assisted his cousin from the carriage, just as a serving-man came around from the stables.

"You will come in to lunch?"

Walter looked down into the bright, wistful face of the speaker.

"You must not tempt me," he said, shaking his head. "I have a score more of calls to make before I can finish. But I shall come—you may be sure of my coming. I shall surely claim a cousin's right to enliven your solitude."

Attracted by the gay voices outside, a lady had come to the window, and stood looking out upon them.

If Walter saw her, he did not seem to do so. As for Irene, she was too uncertain as to what reception he would meet with to make any movement that would require a recognition.

"In the name of goodness who was that?" she inquired, as Irene entered.

"Who do you think?" was the laughing response.

"Some one you was glad to see, I should say," returned Mrs. Remington, as she looked upon the glowing face of the speaker. "His face looked familiar. It wasn't one of the St. Legers, was it?"

"It was Walter Remington."

The elder lady's face underwent a very sensible change.

"Walter Remington! I didn't know that he was in this part of the country."

"Neither did I. But it seems that he is practicing in this vicinity, and boarding at the village hotel."

"Why didn't you ask him in?" inquired Mrs. Remington, in the querulous tone of self-indulgent, habitual invalidism. "We don't have any too much company in this dull place, goodness knows!"

"I did; I asked him in to lunch. But he had several more calls to make, so he said. He seems to be very faithful and attentive to business."

"He has to be!" said Mrs. Remington, her nose taking a decided upward turn. "I don't suppose he has a cent in his name, except what he earns. I remember him when he was a low-headed boy, living with his mother in a miserable tenement house on Pigeon's lane. His mother took in sewing. They were wretchedly poor. I don't suppose they had enough to eat, half the time."

Irene's eyes fairly shone with indignation.

"And where was uncle all this time, and my father—God forgive him—when their brother's widow and child were in such extremity as this? And you—could you not have parted with some of your superfluities to have shielded them from hunger and cold?"

Mrs. Remington drew herself up stiffly.

"It was a matter of principle with me, niece—indeed, I may say with all of us—not to interfere. Walter's father married beneath him, and as people make their bed, so they have to lie on it. Mary Evans had no one but herself to thank for all her misfortunes. If she had married a man in her own walk of life, instead of seeking to entrap with her pretty face and sly, artful ways one so far above her, she would have been spared any such experience. I, for one, hadn't a particle of sympathy for her."

"I know from the best authority that aunt Mary was far too sensible and self-respecting to seek to entrap any man; her husband loved and honored her to the day of his death, and her son speaks of her with the utmost reverence and affection. And even if she were all you say, it does not justify her husband's relations, wealthy as they were, in refusing to provide for her."

"She had only her own obstinacy to thank for it. Your grandpa Remington offered to give her so much a week, and to take Walter entirely off her hands, educate and provide for him, and she positively refused to let him go. After that, of course, none of us would have anything to do with her."

"And I honor her for it! What mother, with a mother's feelings, would give up her child, at such a tender age, promising never to see or claim him? It was shameful to exact such a condition."

Here the lunch-bell sounded, and without waiting for a reply, Irene picked up her hat and gloves, which had fallen to the floor, and ran up to her own room.

(To be continued.)

ON THE RHINE.

BY HERMAN KARPIS.

The sunset's flush was over all;
The ruined castle on the height,
Reflecting back the western rays,
Seemed all aglow with golden light.
We drifted on, my love and I,
The river bore us on its breast—
Right onward toward the crimson glow—
The radiant glory of the West.

Our oars lay idle while our boat
Slowly glided down the placid stream;
Softly we spoke, as though we feared
To break the magic of the dream.
The breeze from o'er the vine-clad hills,
That gently swept our boat along,
Bore to our ears from off the shore
The sound of peasant's evening song.

In fitful snatches came the sound,
Of old died in walling chords the strain;
Now women's voices, true and clear,
Took up once more the old refrain.
So passed the time, and sunset's flush
Had slowly faded into night;
And, gliding river, bank and tower,
The moon arose with silvery light.

The last faint echo died—the song
Had passed away, and all was heard
Save the faint ripple of the waves,
By southern breezes gently stirred.
The silence lay on all around,
And silence still upon our train,
Until I spoke; and, "neath the stars
Love's tale was whispered once again.

Long years have passed, and I am old,
Merry brings back that golden time;
And once again in blissful dream
My love and I float down the Rhine.

Joe Phenix,

THE POLICE SPY.

A story of the Great City of the Western World in the light and in the shade; in the broad glare of the noonday sun and under the silver beams of the moon; a tale of the men who prey, shark-like, upon their kind, and of the secret blood-hounds of the law, who, through many a device, will upon ray, hunt the wily villains down to their dark, dishonored graves.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

The police had hurried along as fast as possible, anxious to reach the pier before the outlaws could land, so as to be able to receive them in a proper manner.

But the river rats pulled lusty oars, and, aided by the current, had made quick time, so that when the guardians of the night came with stealthy caution up the dock they suddenly encountered the outlaws, who had landed, made fast their boats, and were proceeding shoreward in blissful ignorance that a foe was so close upon their heels.

Dark as was the night, yet it did not shield the police from discovery. One keen-eyed fellow caught sight of the uniformed line stealing along the dock and he at once gave the alarm.

"The cops, by blazes!" he cried.

And then came the stern command from the lips of the leader of the outlaws, desperate Captain Shark:

"Break through them, and each man for himself!" he cried.

"Surrender, surrender!" shouted Walling, hardly able to believe that the fellows seriously contemplated resistance.

But the outlaws answered the summons by a desperate attempt to break through the police line. They were met by a volley of shots, and nearly two to one, but they had to deal with desperate men and soon the police discovered that they had no easy job upon their hands.

Each and every one of the outlaws was armed and the fellows did not hesitate to use their weapons.

As the thieves advanced each officer attempted to clutch the man nearest to him, and as it happened two burly fellows "reached" for the outlaw leader, Captain Shark.

Dodging quickly, he evaded one only to find himself in the grasp of the other. With the desperado it was not a time to stand on trifles, and in a twinkling he thrust the muzzle of the cocked revolver he carried against the breast of the policeman and pulled the trigger.

It was a bloody and violent deed!

With a single moan of pain the officer released his hold, and, staggering back, fell bleeding and senseless.

Captain Shark had added another crime to the long list for which he was already responsible.

Believing the outlaw chief to be secure in the hands of the man who had grasped him, the other officer had turned his attention from him and essayed to seize another one of the thieves, and as the fellow dodged the officer and he turned to pursue him, he saw the flash of the pistol, heard the moan of pain from the lips of the wounded policeman, and he knew that it was the report of Shark's weapon which he heard, and so, at once, he flung the fellow whom he had seized into the hands of the nearest officer and immediately joined the pursuit.

Three or four more of the fellows, in addition to the outlaw leader, had succeeded in breaking through the line, and were running for dear life, hotly pursued by Walling and the policeman who were not burdened with prisoners.

"Hold on, or we'll fire!" yelled Walling, at the top of his lungs, but not a bit of good did the warning do, for the rogues only ran the faster.

One and all of the rascals had selected the river street as an avenue of escape, as it was both dark and deserted.

Fast ran the thieves and fast the officers followed. They did not try any pious practices, for they knew well enough that the chance were ten to one that they would not succeed in hitting their men, and to fire would only retard the pursuit.

The thieves were running in the center of the street, and when they were opposite to the entrance to the next dock to the one upon which the struggle had taken place, the outlaw leader suddenly turned and darted down the pier, while the rest kept on, evidently preferring to trust to their heels for safety in the street.

One of you come with me!" the police spy cried; he was in the van of the pursuers. "Two of us can handle him well enough, although he is doubtless armed to the teeth and will fight to the death before he allows us to capture him, for he has no pistol, but is to be captured by this night's work!"

The nearest officer followed Phenix, while the rest kept on in chase of the fleeing gang.

Up the pier at the top of his speed ran the fugitive, while fast behind followed the two pursuers, pistol in hand. They had an idea that at the end of the pier the desperado would turn and make a bold fight for his life, and so they came on their slackened their speed slightly, cast a careful glance at their weapons, for they were a bloody contest and were determined to be prepared for it.

But, to their utter surprise, the desperado, upon reaching the string-piece of the pier at the end of the dock, never turned, but dropped off the end of it into the water.

A cry of amazement came from the lips of both the pursuers as they beheld this unexpected act.

A few seconds later they, too, stood upon the string-piece, and with their cocked revolvers in their hands, glared down upon the surface of the inky tide. They looked to see the head of the fugitive emerge from the dark waters, but to their utter surprise not a trace of their man could they see.

"He must be under the dock!" the policeman exclaimed.

The dock was an open one at the end, and the spiles could plainly be seen.

"Well, I can't understand this move," Phenix said. "If he has sought concealment under the dock, and he can't have gone anywhere else, he must be two-thirds under water, and as he can't get out without being captured while we are here, all we have to do is to run, and he'll either have to surrender or drown."

"That's so!" cried the policeman.

"But hold on!" cried Phenix, suddenly; "perhaps his idea is to swim from spile to spile, until he can make his way to the land while we are watching for him here."

"By hooky! I never thought of that!"

"There may be a ladder in on the sea-wall, by means of which he can climb up. Suppose you go and see while I keep watch here."

All right, said the officer hurriedly, while Phenix proceeded to examine the sides of the dock, thinking perhaps that the fugitive might be clinging to a spile somewhere, but his examination was a fruitless one.

And where was the desperate leader of these desperados, both Captain Shark, all this time? He was almost as far as the other, but he was not so far as he seemed. He had dropped from the end of the string-piece into the dark waters beneath, spreading his arms out fan-like to break the force of his fall, and then he had quietly, and almost noiselessly, paddled himself under the dock, until he reached the second row of spiles, to one of which he clung, and so near was he to the two men on the dock above that not a word of their conversation escaped his ears.

Captain Shark ground his teeth together in vexation as he listened to Phenix's low, calm and clear tones.

"What demon was it that put this man upon my track?" he muttered; "and why does he follow me so persistently? He trails me like a bloodhound. Can he suspect my secret? Who and what is he? His voice and face both seem familiar to me, and yet I cannot remember to have ever met him before. A good genius, too, seems to watch over him; twice already have I led his steps to death's door, and both times, by a miracle, he has almost escaped me. I will not let time, though, and the brand passed abruptly and set his teeth firmly together; already in anticipation he gloated over the death of the police spy, for the moment forgetful of the fact that he was a hunted fugitive, whose life hung on a thread."

And while the two officers of justice on the pier above were speculating regarding his whereabouts, the desperado was preparing for action.

With the utmost caution, so as not to make a noise, he slipped the pocket watch, took his handkerchief from his pocket, rolled it into a rope, tied one end to each boat, and then slung them over his shoulders.

By the time this was accomplished, the policeman had departed on his mission down the pier, and the spy had commenced to examine the sides of the dock.

The outlaw waited until he heard Phenix walk to the lower side of the dock, and then he carefully swam out on the upper side and headed for the pier where the fight had taken place.

Soon he disappeared in the darkness, safe from discovery, even by Phenix's sharp eyes. He reached the other pier—the police were busy with their prisoners at the shore end—unfastened the boat, and, clinging to it, allowed it to drift up the river with the tide.

Once again Captain Shark had escaped capture.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

AFTER leaving the police headquarters Adalia and the Frenchman proceeded straight to the home of the girl.

Very little conversation was there between the two on the road, for the girl was meditating upon the strange history of the unfortunate Barloe; and the man, too, seemed very much preoccupied.

At the door of the house where Adalia resided the pair halted. Monsieur Langueville excused himself, saying that he had some important business on hand which required his immediate attention, and that he would call the next day.

Very little hope that the detectives would succeed in their task, for, as he explained, it was a very common thing for these bloodhounds of the law to promise very much more

than they were able to perform; then he departed.

Adalia entered the house and the Frenchman sauntered on up the avenue, his face gloomy with anxious thought and his brows knitted together.

"I am working in the dark," he muttered, using now most excellent English and speaking without a trace of a foreign accent. "What does it all mean? I am wandering blindly on like a man under the influence of a hideous nightmare, but in my soul I feel that my steps are tending toward a goal down which, despite myself, I must plunge to destruction. Who is this man—this police spy, who, like a fearful specter, has stepped so abruptly into my path? Have I taken into my hands the sword of justice only to divert the point against my own breast? I am walking on dangerous ground; at any moment the earth may open and swallow me up. What shall I do? What steps shall I take to avert the danger?"

He paused on the corner of Fourteenth street as he put the question, and in a moody, abstracted way looked around him; with no especial purpose, just by sheer accident, he happened to look down the street, and the figure of a man, standing before the window of a jeweler's shop and apparently intently regarding the treasures so lavishly displayed within, caught his eyes.

The man was a medium-sized, plainly-dressed fellow, with nothing about his person to attract particular attention as far as any one could see at a casual glance, and yet the moment the Frenchman set eyes upon him the suspicion flashed at once into his mind that the fellow was a detective in plain clothes.

There was a certain something about the man—an air that he could not disguise, for he was not conscious of it, which served to indicate his profession to the skilled judgment competent to detect upon these delicate matters, just as one used to the manners of the stage-artist can generally indicate them in private life from their peculiar carriage and the odd movement of the head, arising from long practice in attitudinizing before an audience.

"I am spotted," he muttered, taking his eyes off the man after glancing at him, so as not to excite the detective's suspicions and reveal to him that his little game was discovered. "Now, what does this mean? What is he after me for? Can it be possible that I am suspected? It seems incredible; but I'll be certain first that it is a fact before I begin to speculate upon it."

So the Frenchman strolled on leisurely up the street, taking advantage of every possible incident to glance around once in a while without exciting the suspicions of the spotter.

The man was after him, but evidently remaining at a safe distance behind, yet near enough to keep him in sight.

"I must determine whether he really is after me or not," he muttered. "It will never do to allow myself to be frightened at a shadow. If I am watched, then I must be on my guard. The blows have been falling thick and heavy lately, and it begins to look as if the end was near at hand. Well, a man can live comfortably almost anywhere if he has plenty of money, and all the world is open to me for a choice. I am not a coward, and my suspicions are correct; and then, if they are, I will speedily take measures so that I can laugh at this bloodhound of a police spy and all his gang."

At first avenue the Frenchman turned abruptly to the left and walked down the street, in the middle of the block he turned suddenly, just as if he had abruptly made up his mind to take another course, and walked up the street again, encountering the spy, face to face, as he had expected, but passing him by without taking the slightest notice of him. It was no part of the Frenchman's policy to allow the detective to perceive that his game was discovered.

At the corner Monsieur Langueville crossed the street and again proceeded up Fourteenth street toward Second avenue.

Being enabled to get a view of the street behind him without appearing to be anxious to do so.

The detective was sauntering slowly along with his hands in his pockets just as the dogged man had expected.

"Comedy long enough and we'll bring it abruptly to an end," he murmured.

A huge block of tenement houses lined the street on the upper side, the basements of which were occupied by small stores, lager beer shops, mostly, and into one of these places the Frenchman went; he nodded to the proprietor, just as if he was an old customer, and passed at once through the store into the yard behind, then up the back-stairs into a tenement house and up the stairways in the building until he gained the roof and then he was ready to pass from one flat roof to another, as they were all about of the same height, until he got to the corner house, in which he again descended to the street.

And while he was passing from roof to roof he had taken a good peep down into the street, and there, sure enough, just as he had expected, was the spy sitting down upon a door-step, nearly opposite to the lager beer saloon, pretending to be deeply engaged in the perusal of a newspaper.

The Frenchman smiled scornfully as he emerged into the street again and saw the spy still occupied in his fruitless watch.

"Stay there, my friend, until you grow into the stone," he murmured. "Neither you nor any of your bloodhound gang will ever trail me through the streets of New York again!" and turning into the avenue he proceeded rapidly up-town.

The spy, who by the way was Tom Irving, reputed to be one of the best men on the force, then perceiving no signs of the man he was after, determined to visit the saloon himself.

Of course his entering and drinking a glass of lager would excite no suspicion, and if his man was there, he could easily feign an excuse to remain.

And so the spy passed into the saloon, called for his lager, and upon discovering that his man was not in the place proceeded to carefully "pump" the proprietor.

Precious little information he received from the stupid German. The man had forgotten all about the stranger passing through the saloon.

"Many people do in de hausen live do dot," he said.

And so the detective was forced to come to the conclusion that either the Frenchman occupied rooms in the house, in which case it would be an easy matter to lay hold of him at any time, or else he had discovered that he was being followed and had skillfully evaded the chase.

Which of the two theories was the correct one the detective was unable to say, and so in the dilemma he thought the best thing to do was to proceed to headquarters at once and lay the whole matter before Phenix.

Promptly he acted upon this belief and thus, inside of half an hour, the police spy was in possession of all the facts in the premises.

"He discovered you or else he suspected that he would be followed and took measures to throw any tracker off the scent. This man is no common rogue, and if we are not careful he will beat us, after all, although at present we seem to have him pretty well in our net. I'll see the girl to-morrow and find out what she knows about him. I may be able to gain some important information from her. I would go at once but I have too much to attend to to-day."

And it was on the evening of this same day that the exciting scenes in the thieves' den and along the docks, as detailed in our previous chapters, took place.

The next morning about nine o'clock Phenix set out to visit Miss Adalia Cummerton.

He found the girl at home but had hardly proceeded to explain his business when there came

Helen looked quickly up, her eyes flashed fire, and she was about to reply, when Ida Vincent entered the room.

"Oh, Helen, have you heard the awful news?" she cried, her handkerchief to her eyes, for she did feel deeply. Death-Tracker had been the only man she had ever loved with the intensity of which her nature was capable.

"Yes, I have heard all; but I would rather be Radcliffe, the scout, condemned to death for murder, than be Graham, captain of cavalry in the United States army."

"Helen, my daughter, how has Captain Graham offended?" said Colonel Decatur, reprovingly.

"He did not tell the truth as it was. For some reason, and I think I know why, he hates Mr. Radcliffe, and his testimony was biased by his hatred; in fact, I believe, as the scout said, there is a plot against him," and Helen left the room, while Ida Vincent turned deathly pale, and when alone hissed forth:

"That fool Graham went too far. He has lost me my prize. Ay, and I went too far, for though the girl was put out of the way the man for whom I plotted lost his life—but not by—the hand of—Radcliffe! I feel he is innocent."

"Well, if I have lost, I have the satisfaction of knowing that Burt Graham will never win Helen Decatur. Ah, my dear husband, we are both defeated; we have lost the game for which we played, and the stakes were large," and Ida Vincent sought her room in no very amiable mood. Had Captain Graham crossed her path then he would have aroused a very tigress.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MIDNIGHT EXECUTION.

AFTER Radcliffe, the scout, was condemned he went back to his prison, full of the most painful thoughts; but he was a man of remarkable nerve; his face was inflexible; it gave no one who saw him a clew to his feelings.

The night after his sentence a person was admitted to see him, having shown a pass from the commandant.

The visitor was none other than Dennis, and he said, feelingly, as he grasped the scout's hand:

"I've come, Mither Trapper, to till yer out of it in my power I'm goin' to be afther gittin' yer out of this."

"No, Dennis, I must meet my fate like a man; we have but one time to die."

"Thurs for you, Mither Skoot, an' by ther silf same token we've but one time to live—do you mind that, now?"

"An' whilst we're livin' we might as well kape it up, fur when we're afther bein' dead we're deader than ther divil, Lord save us!"

The scout laughed at the argument of Dennis, but made no reply, and the Irishman continued:

"Now, I'm not belavin' that Master Hinrich is dead at all. Yer see, I've seen that young gentleman dead so often, an' I've seen come back to life, that I'm durned if I'll b'ave he's dead until I bees afther seein' him so with my own eyes, begorra."

"An' Mither Skoot, if I thought he was afther bein' dead, then I'd be carryin' out his orders; but I'll wait awhile yet, an' it's meself that has visited some of ther boys, ther rigler fellers, an' we're goin' to look fur his precious self, an' if we be afther findin' him, why then yer self won't 'ave to be shot fur killin' him."

"No, not if you find him, and I hope you will, for he never died by my hand."

"I b'ave yer, sur; an' now I'll be afther tellin' yer, that ther'll be a young gentleman in ter see yer, to-night—a young officer, all in uniform, an' yer must trate him well, sur."

"Who is it, Dennis?"

"That would be tillin', sur, an' I was just told to till yer that he was comin'. Now, good-night, sur, an' God bless yer, sur."

Another moment, and the scout was again alone with his painful thoughts.

Thus the hours passed until midnight had come and gone, and rising from his seat Death-Tracker was about to throw himself upon his cot to try and sleep when the key turned in the lock, and in the dim light he saw a cloaked form come into his prison-room.

Then the door closed, the slouch hat and cloak were thrown aside, and with a half-cry the scout stretched forth his arms.

"Helen! you here?"

The answer of the maiden was to throw herself upon the broad breast and burst into tears.

After awhile she raised her head and said, softly:

"Yes, I am here to see you, and I came in this disguise—not that I was ashamed of my love for you; but I wished no one to know of my coming, for I am determined that you shall escape."

"No, Helen; it is perhaps best as it is."

"It is not! I shall not die, and no power will save you unless you can escape. Promise me that you will leave here if I can get you free in some way."

"No one else shall suffer for my sake, Helen."

"No one else shall. You are innocent; I know that you are, and when the key turns in the lock, and in the dim light he saw a cloaked form come into his prison-room."

"I promise, Helen."

"God bless you! In ten days you will be led forth to be shot. Before that time you must escape. Keep up hope, for I will plot day and night to save you. Now I must go. Good-night, Radcliffe."

Thus the two parted, both with hope in their hearts.

But the days were long and yet the prisoner remained in his lonely prison.

At length the day of his execution rolled round, and the morn broke with a dreary rain dropping mournfully upon the earth.

To keep the sad scene from the eyes of the ladies at the fort, Colonel Decatur had ordered that the execution be held at night, and in the little acre of timber where were buried the dead of the fortress.

Also, he gave orders that none should go to the execution except the officer in charge, the platoon of soldiers, and Dennis, an old trapper who had volunteered to dig the grave at midnight, and in the little acre of timber where were buried the dead of the fortress.

All through the day the rain fell, and a gale of wind sprang up at night, and whistled mournfully through the trees, while the sentinels on all whom stern duty did not call outside.

And over the plain hung a pall of gloom; no joyous laughter came from the officers' quarters, usually so gay; no light burned in the commandant's cabins; the soldiers in their barracks spoke in low voices, while the sentinels on their posts glanced furtively about them, as though expecting to see some grim specters stalking about.

At the appointed hour, half past eleven o'clock, a platoon of soldiers, under command of a lieutenant, marched slowly to the door of the guard-house, where was Dennis and Trapper Dan awaiting them.

Upon the floor of the guard-house was one of those ominous-looking boxes we all know so well—a common pine coffin, stained black.

Then the order was given:

"Forward, march!"

With reversed arms and slow step the platoon moved from the guard-house, past the sentinels at the stockade gate, and out over the prairie toward the clump of timber—the scene of execution.

Into their faces drove the rain, and no word was spoken as they marched along—the lieutenant leading, six soldiers following, then the scout, after him another line of soldiers, and Dennis and Trapper Dan bringing up the rear, carrying between them the coffin.

Into the timber went the grim party, and then came to a halt. While two lanterns were produced, the doomed man took his position, silent as the stockade gate, and out over the prairie toward the clump of timber—the scene of execution.

And upon each side of him, a few feet off, was placed a light, that the platoon might see well how to fire.

"Good-by, Radcliffe. From my heart I feel for you," and the lieutenant grasped the scout's hand.

"Farewell, Bolton. Please say that I faced death without fear."

"I will, old fellow, I will. A braver man never met death. Farewell," and the lieutenant turned away to hide his emotion.

One by one the men, taking advantage of the weakness of their officer, stepped up and wrung the scout's hand; after which they stepped back into the line—ten paces distant.

Then followed Trapper Dan, and he said, bluntly:

"Ef them as has done this don't git hell, then may pels never be prime in market ag'in."

At last Dennis seized the scout's hand and wrung it hard, while he bent toward him, muttering a few low words.

The reply of the scout until Dennis heard, and then came, in calm question:

"Lieutenant Bolton, may I give the word to fire?"

"Yes, Radcliffe, and it will be the greatest favor man ever did me," quickly replied the young and noble-hearted officer.

"Attention, platoon!"

There was no tremor in the tones—the voice was ringing and full of fire.

"Shoulder arms!"

"Ready!"

"Fire!"

The last order was drowned in the roar of the guns, and without a groan, Death-Tracker, the scout, fell in a heap upon the wet earth, at the foot of the open grave.

Then followed the order of Fred Bolton, in a broken voice:

"Platoon, forward, march!"

As if glad to escape from the dismal spot, the soldiers marched briskly away, leaving Dennis and Trapper Dan to place the body in the coffin and fill up the grave.

An hour and more passed away, and then two men, wet, bedraggled, and with drooping heads, passed into the stockade.

They were Dennis and Trapper Dan; their work was finished.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 426.)

THE NEW AGE.

BY FRANCIS GOTWALS.

Oh, dark was the time of the long ago—That long, long time of wrong and woe! A tyrant ruled on every throne, And Right lay trampled in the dust.

Trampled by hordes of murder, war and lust; Truth was forsaken and unknown; But now an age of brighter years, Succeeds those centuries of tears;

Light has beamed upon the world; man rejoicing Aspires and bold, with unfettered soul and hands. Greater men shall stand In this still half-servile land— Shall improve the faulty things that we have planned.

And raise more glorious banners high in the gale; Still nobler thoughts support shall find In the progressive human mind, And greater freedom shall prevail.

At the present hour A host of thinking men are rising in their might; And soon shall dawn the welcome day, When near and far away, By wall and tower, On hill and plain, in vale and glen, Shall stand a countless throng of men, Born to trample wrong and proclaim the sacred right.

Freedom of opinion Shall be in every domain; Shall crown the shall and vanish one by one. As the stars, now above me, by and by, Will lose their luster in the sky, When upward with a flood of glory rolls the sun!

In a glorious clime, Free from the errors of the olden time, We venerate each martyr of the past, Who taught the truth and died for it at last— Who rolled the wheel of reform and redemption, And helped to raise a fallen nation.

From the depths of ignorance, tyranny and shame; We free him from afar A grand, resplendent star, In the configuration That gems the dazzling sky of bright eternal fame!

The Pretty Puritan:

OR,

The Mystery of the Torn Envelope.

BY "A PARSON'S DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

SOMEWHAT after they were driven away, another carriage rolled up the street, from which Mrs. Gardiner, Guy Chandler and Carl Van Alst alighted.

The moment that Carl Van Alst entered the parlor, he guessed that something awful had happened, and that it related to his uncle's death. He did not doubt, when he saw his uncle's loving brow, Agnes's colorless, scornful face, and Issalene's blazing eyes and wicked, triumphant smile; but that anything more than suspicion was to greet him, he did not dream.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, proudly and dictatorially. "This gentleman, indicating Guy, who had gently led Mrs. Gardiner to her daughter's side, where she sat in mute perplexity and alarm, informed me that Miss Gardiner desired my presence here."

"We all desire your presence here," rejoined his uncle, wrathfully. "We wish you to understand that your wedding cannot go on! That the man who has one wife living, and has been guilty of bigamy once, and has attempted to add still another to his list of victims, has been detected in his crime of the guard-house, where was Dennis and Trapper Dan awaiting them."

There was scarcely a perceptible change in Carl's handsome, defiant face.

"Suppose you explain what you are talking about, sir!"

"There is no need to explain, if you will read that!"

Carl took the slip of paper his uncle handed him—the certificate of his marriage to Elise Wallbridge—and as he realized what it was, his dusky face suddenly paled. Then Issalene's laugh rang out scornful and vindictive.

"Ah, you see now what a woman's fate can do!"

Without noticing her, he turned insolently to his uncle.

"Would it not have been less idiotic, sir, for you to have proved the truth of this paper, before making all this fuss about a miserable lie, probably concocted by that insane girl yonder, who is willing to commit any absurdity that she imagines will be a revenge upon me for not hesitating to fall in love with her?"

"Mr. Van Alst," said Guy Chandler, calmly addressing the elder gentleman, "if you will allow me to speak, since I am very sadly and closely connected with this affair, I think I can prove to Mr. Alan Torrence that we have a pretty clear case against him."

"Go on!" said Mr. Van Alst, while Carl, with a sneering, impetuous face, leaned against the arched doorway.

"Mr. Alan Torrence, in this house, met and made love to Elise Wallbridge, and, strangely enough, no one suspected his power over her, except the one woman whose eyes a rival love made unusually keen. He played fast and loose with his victim, until at last he coaxed or forced her—a shy, timid girl, easily influenced and controlled—into eloping with him. This is proved by this certificate, which has been gained from Elise, who will soon be here to authenticate it. Also, he has been identified by a lady now at the Everett House, who journeyed upon the same train with him last summer from Baltimore or Philadelphia, and—"

"From Philadelphia," interrupted Issalene. "That was where he kept Elise."

"—And to whom he gave this envelope; little thinking that, from the hands of the stranger, it would be thrown into the bureau-drawer, at a hotel, and remain there nearly two months, to fall into the hands of the very woman he was endeavoring to win for a wife, and, through her, into the hands of the sister and husband of the girl he had seduced into an elopement, upon the very day after her marriage!"

Agnes drew a hard, quick breath.

"Why, she was not married to you! Have you not noticed the date of the certificate? She was his wife nearly a year before that!"

Over Guy's face spread a strange pallor, followed by a look of relief—almost of joy. Perhaps it was scarcely to be wondered at, that, after all this misery and mystery, he was glad to know himself a free man again. But, at Agnes's words, the first she had uttered since his entrance, a sudden change came over Carl. He advanced toward her, and, with a look of mad, unconquerable passion.

"Agnes, you know that my love for you has been no lie, but one terrible, unalterable truth! You will not rock me of the one joy in life I covet? You will not believe these things they are saying against me?"

Even as he had turned to bitterness the love of others, so, now, his pleadings met only scorn.

"Mr. Van Alst! do not dare to speak to me again! Your very presence is an insult and a pollution! Can you not imagine how I loathe and despise you?"

He stepped back, with his face livid and his liquid brown eyes charged with hard despair and revengeful hate.

"Very well," he said. "I cannot loathe me more, if I satisfy you with all the facts! I did like Elise, and the girl was so fond of me, and such a pretty little Puritan, that I was fool enough to marry her! That was three years ago, next June, and I fill up the blank of my life with her memory. Instead of going directly on to Chicago, we stayed there almost a week; her parents thought she was with the Lorraines. Some time, during her next year at school, I was to make the marriage known. Not a week after, I was sent, from two blocks from the hotel, to find that my grandfather had just died, and that I, the son of his daughter and eldest child, was to inherit a splendid fortune, only by dropping my own name and taking his, and marrying my cousin Gertrude. I did not stop to consider how I did for my arrangements, but Gertrude approved of the will, and we were married. The first thing I did, when I was free and reached New York again, was to seek Elise. I followed her to Chicago, and happened to be at the depot just as she and Mr. Chandler took a train for St. Louis. I got upon the same train, and accompanied them to St. Louis, and discovered by the hotel register who they were. I could not understand Elise's marrying. She was not a girl to betray a secret, and I had sent her to St. Louis, and I was going home, notifying her that it might be months before she heard from me."

"Anxious to discover if she had made any revelations which would endanger me, I instantly wrote her a note, asking her to meet me, as soon as possible, from two blocks from the hotel. I watched the house, saw her come out, joined her, and found that she had never revealed her secret, but receiving a note from Issalene Sanfrey, immediately upon her return to Vassar, saying that I was married to Gertrude Van Alst, I did not stop to hear from her, but I had never really married her, and not daring to confess this to any one, had allowed herself to be married to Mr. Chandler. Her love for me was so violent, and she so dreaded her secret being discovered, that I thought best to bring her East, where I settled her in Philadelphia, as Mrs. Torrence."

"I suppose you understand," his uncle demanded, coldly, when they had listened to the young man's defiant confession of his wrong doings, "that I am not a person to be trifled with. The property that came to you through your grandfather, reverts to myself; and that you are, at this moment, liable to arrest and punishment for bigamy!"

"The property you can take! The other reversion, for all those who are in error, or astray, and He wishes no one to be other than perfectly natural, and joyous, and true to the right."

"If ministers, and the people who call themselves good, taught that, how much less misery there would be in the world!" a voice cried out, with unconscious irony, condemning those who had been, in a measure, responsible for her errors and sufferings.

Presently she said, with growing interest in others than herself:

"Do you know Mr. Chandler?"

"Yes, he is here; would you like to see him?"

"Oh, I'm afraid," she answered, shivering.

"You need not be, of him. He is too noble a gentleman to think or say anything harsh," and Agnes signed to Blanche to call him.

In a few minutes the tall, Saxon-fair man was kneeling at Elise's side.

"Poor little girl!"

It was all he said, but the tones were so tender, for all those who were to sob, and, on Blanche and Agnes felt the tears come to their eyes.

"Do not cry, little one! I suffered a great deal at first. It was so hard, you see, not to know where you were, and even whether you were alive. But I have gotten over all that now. I am only very sorry for you. If you ever want a friend, you will not forget that I am one, Elise!"

"No; oh, no!"

Her visitors bade Elise good-morning, then, and it was years before they two saw her again.

So Agnes's room was cleared of the bridal jewelry, which her maid packed hastily away, and she was soothed to rest by her mother's gentle hands.

The next morning, Miss Gardiner sent for Mr. Guy Chandler, and ascertained that he had telegraphed for Mr. and Mrs. Wallbridge, and had a letter ready to send to Rachel by the Saturday's mail. She then prepared to call at Mrs. Lorrimer's, whither Guy proposed to escort her.

Blanche Lorrimer met Miss Gardiner with some constraint. She scarcely knew what manner to adopt toward her friend, until Agnes set her quite at ease, by her entire forgetfulness of self and intense sympathy for Elise. This sympathy Blanche fully shared, and recounted what they had done for the young wife.

"The first thing she said, when she came to, about midnight, was, 'Where's Alan?' Mamma told her, as gently as she could, that we had sent for Alan, but he could not be found, as he was not at his rooms. Since then she has not spoken. We brought her baby and its nurse, but she will not notice it."

"Can I see her?"

"Oh, yes; and I hope you can get her to talk."

Blanche led the way to the large room where Elise lay motionless upon the bed, and Agnes went straight to the girl's side.

"Elise," she said, "I am Agnes Gardiner. Will you not speak to me?"

At sound of that calm, musical voice, Mrs. Torrence smiled and looked into Agnes's weary, white face.

"You were Rachel's friend. I knew it when Issalene told me you were to marry Alan. And you loved him, too! I am sorry for you."

"I cannot say that I loved him greatly, Elise. You need not be sorry for me."

"And you do not care because I stopped your wedding?"

"Care! I thank God for it! Did you never think how wrong it was, Elise, to keep your marriage a secret?"

"Wrong!" repeated the girl, wonderingly. "It would have been wrong to tell when he did not wish it. Nothing was wrong that I did for Alan."

"Mr. poor child," said Agnes, gently, taking the tiny hand, "you are mistaken; everything was wrong that he got you to do. It was wrong to enter into an engagement and marriage of which your parents knew nothing—wrong to keep it a secret. By doing so, see what a terrible sin you enabled Alan to commit, when he pretended to be the husband of his cousin Gertrude, and what a terrible sin you committed against Mr. Chandler. If you had told, there would have been none of this trouble and disgrace that has been going on for two years, and culminating last night in Alan Torrence being a discovered criminal; how much guilt you would have kept him from, and what dreadful misery you would have saved Rachel, and Mr. Chandler, and your parents."

Elise was looking at her with strangely startled eyes.

"Have I done all this? Have they all cared?"

"You did not mean to do so much wrong, I know; but you have caused those who loved you much sorrow—Rachel and Mr. Chandler and your father and mother. You know yourself, but they did not love me as I loved Alan."

"Perhaps not; but they loved you very much, and you had no right to sin so against them."

"Are they very angry at me?"

"Angry! No, indeed! They all forgive you, I am sure, and will rejoice that you are found. Your father and mother are probably on their journey here now."

"Oh, don't let them come! They will scold me and say I must not love Alan! And I cannot help loving him! I shall die without him!"

"And leave your baby?"

"He did not love the baby, and I do not think I do much."

"But you will by and by, and your parents will love it dearly, too."

"No, they will be angry at us both."

"My dear child, how can you think so? Why, my mother would love me just the same no matter what I did, and so will yours. Perhaps she will not have the same way of showing it, but she will be kind."

"If I had thought so, perhaps I should have told them. But I did not think any one had ever loved me, but Alan; and when he was gone I had no one to tell my troubles to, and I wanted to die."

"There was always God, to whom you could tell your troubles, Elise."

"Oh, no! He only likes dreadfully unpleasant, mean people, and I never cared to have anything to do with Him."

"Elise," said Agnes, pitifully, "you have very many things to learn. Your whole life has been a mistake. But, above all things, remember that 'God is love.' He cares, most tenderly, for all those who are in error, or astray, and He wishes no one to be other than perfectly natural, and joyous, and true to the right."

"If ministers, and the people who call themselves good, taught that, how much less misery there would be in the world!" a voice cried out, with unconscious irony, condemning those who had been, in a measure, responsible for her errors and sufferings.

Presently she said, with growing interest in others than herself:

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"Do not cry, little one! I suffered a great deal at first. It was so hard, you see, not to know where you were, and even whether you were alive. But I have gotten over all that now. I am only very sorry for you. If you ever want a friend, you will not forget that I am one, Elise!"

"No; oh, no!"

Her visitors bade Elise good-morning, then, and it was years before they two saw her again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE READING OF THE MYSTERY.

ALAN TORRENCE took a steamer for Europe upon the Saturday following the Thursday which was to have been his wedding-day to Agnes Gardiner.

This news was not broken to Elise until her father and mother had been with her some days, treating her with a forbearance and affection so unexpected to her poor wife that she had fallen back upon their care and protection with a docile, weary, but spiritless sort of dependence. When she learned that Alan had returned to Chicago, upon her father's promise that he would write to her husband and demand of him a succinct statement of his plans in regard to his wife and child. She still hoped, in her heart-broken way, that Alan would now return to her, or send for her to go to him.

But the letter Mr. Wallbridge sent was never delivered to Alan; the faithless husband traveled directly to Italy, where he remained during the winter, and when that installment of mail reached him, in the early spring, he was tossing in delirious agony with a Southern fever. Later, the American dailies contained this notice:

"Died, in Rome, Italy, March —, Alan C. V. Torrence, of New York."

Probably there was not one of those persons who had been intimately connected with Alan Torrence's life who sincerely mourned his death, except his wife, and, possibly, the fiery,

jealous Cuban girl, who had been sent to her island home, where those who had suffered through her hoped she would always remain.

"My dear Agnes," said Mrs. Wilde, one day in May, when she had taken a run down to Meadow Grange to visit her favorite, and had casually mentioned Alan's death, "I should very much like to know how that poor little wife of his bears it."

"I had a letter from Mrs. Wallbridge, yesterday. She says that Elise is more quiet and patient under the blow than they had dared to hope. They are going to Europe with her, this summer, and they think that the change, and being with Rachel, again, will do her much good."

"And you have gotten quite over the effects of that horrible affair, I see. You were never looking better and handsomer."

"I am glad to hear it, and so I know is mamma. She has worried about me no end, though there has not been the slightest reason for it. But you said you had so much news to tell us," she added, anxious not to be the theme of conversation.

"Ah, yes; Flossy Rodwell is to be married in two or three weeks, to Willis Leonard, and they sail for England. I never knew, until quite lately, what trouble she made between Henrich and Blanche Lorrimer."

"But matters are

ON A TOOTH.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

Before me on my desk it lies,
That for four days of agonies
Has made me a Quaker.
It's been upon the jump that long,
And kept me on the jump, too.
It's aught now but was thumping then,
I raged at every thump, too.
I've got the advantage of it now,
And now I am its master:
Ache, jump, thump, rattle all you want,
You will not bring disaster!
Nerve up, nerve up now all you wish,
You will not make me nervous;
Your services can't be so hard to buy,
For you are out of service!
To-day I am a toothless man:
One tooth less I have got now;
Worse than Time's decaying tooth
Its gnawing I have not got now.
My mouth was full of all the pain
Of a Spanish Inquisition;
I longed to get a shot-gun and
Then blow it to perdition!
I've laid awake to watch it ache;
It stung me like an adder;
I've gritted all my teeth at it
Which only made it madder.
I've jumped and tried to break the wall
It from its place to rattle;
I poulticed it and petted it
And still it gave me battle.
I fought a man that it might be
Knocked out with a much better,
Which was a very foolish plan
For he knocked out another.
I passed a dozen dentist shops
Without the nerve to enter;
Of all the pain in all the world
My head it seemed the center.
I tied it to the knob and slammed
The door, but jumped right after;
At last I sought a dentist shop—
It was no fun for laughter.
My mouth had little room for words
The pain was so much in it,
Said I, "I want this here old head
Pulled right off in a minute."
The dentist fixed his derrick up
And firmly set the pinions,
Then turned the crank and raised it out
Of its firm-set dominions.
And now, old tooth, I'll take revenge
And wreak my aggravation,
And in this fire I'll let you try
The process of cremation!

Tenting in the North Woods;

OR,

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK.

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

I. THE NIGHT HUNT.—THE SPIRIT DEER.—LARRY IN TROUBLE.

"Hist, boys, hist!" cried a low voice. "Be stiddy; aim low in the bushes, an' give it to him when he shows his head! We'll have him, spirit deer or not."

It was night in the great woods—night; and such a night as we never see anywhere else under the sun. In front of the picture lay a woodland lake, bearing away to the north, having upon either hand masses of dark woods stretching down to the very water's edge, with here and there an open point where the deer came down to drink.

The speaker, who after that did not utter a word, lay upon his face in the midst of the ground pine and brake, with his heavy rifle thrown forward, and his eyes fixed upon a point close to the water.

It was an open space on the point, where there was no cover, and where the lapping waves of the little lake washed up the low, sandy beach with a peculiarly pleasant, rippling sound.

In the darkness of the bushes under which he lay it was impossible to make out the form of the man who had spoken; merely by his shape was you sure that it was a man. Two other forms were dimly visible, lying in the same position, and evidently waiting for something.

There came a peculiar, serpent-like hiss from the left, and another dark form crept out of the bushes on that side and joined them.

"See anything, Little Hand?" whispered the same voice which he had spoken before.

"It is time," replied the new-comer, in the guttural tones which proclaimed his Indian blood. "When the moon touches the top of the big pine you will see the Great White Stag."

"Silence, then! It is near the time and we might scare it."

There was a dead silence as the bright moon sailed slowly on through the clear sky, tending downward toward the spot which the Indian had named. A great dark branch, stretching out beyond the others, seemed to intercept the moon-rays for a moment, and a faint clicking sound was heard as the rifles were cocked.

These men were out on a strange mission which will be explained as we proceed.

Dead silence again—silence of death, almost, broken only by the sounds which seem to form a part of the wilderness, the croak of the tree-toad, the hoarse bellow of the giant bullfrog, the cry of the loon and the splash of the leaping fish in the waters of the lake. These, I say, do not break the stillness of the woods, because they are natural sounds—a part of the great wilderness.

Hark! did you hear that?

There comes a rustle amid the dry leaves, upon a path to the right, and the silence and attention upon the part of the watchers become more intense. Every one throws his rifle forward for all feel that something wonderful is going to happen—something of more than common interest. They are here to solve a mystery, and if it is possible they are determined to do so. Two of them believe the strange tale which has led them here and two of them doubt it; but, strange as it may seem, the doubters are the most excited now.

Something, what it is they cannot tell, stirs the bushes to the right. Their plans are laid all summer to do so, and the strange tale which has led them here and two of them doubt it; but, strange as it may seem, the doubters are the most excited now.

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of surprise, and lowering the piece looked wildly at the point.

The stag was gone!
Gone in a second—in the twinkling of an eye!
Vanished utterly, leaving no sign, and the four men arose.

"By George, Arthur," avowed one of the doubters, "the Indian is right."

"I weaken," replied Arthur. "I'll own that this beats me, and I'll say that I don't wonder men say that the Great White Stag is nothing but a myth. Let's go down on the point and look."

"But where did he go?" demanded the first speaker, in a puzzled tone.

"Where is the last year's frost?" answered the Indian, in a solemn tone. "If my people would find the Great White Stag, let him look in another land than this. Such deer as this my fathers chase through the Happy Hunting Grounds, but mortal bullets cannot touch them."

The four men stepped out into the moonlight. First came Arthur Chambers, a New Yorker, who loved the woods so well that two months of every hunting season were spent among them. Harry Mattison, a down-East man, fresh from Harvard, who sought health and strength in the midst of the balsam, spruce and pine. Then came Abe Stanchfield, hunter and guide, who had lived so long in the woods that the very name of the city made him shiver. A tall, burly man, with a hard, angular face, the price of good fellows, and a lover of the woods from boyhood. And last, but not least, Little Hand, the Oneida, a pure Indian, the chosen friend and companion of Abe Stanchfield, a man on whose head the snows of sixty winters had fallen, yet his form was not bent, nor his strength abated. He would tire the youngest of the party on a long trail, and even Abe Stanchfield, that artful man, was not his match in forest lore. He advanced with a springing, elastic tread, scarcely seeming to touch the ground, and they stood together upon the sand near the spot where the Great White Stag had stood.

"See!" cried the Indian, pointing to the sand.

"He was here, for I show you his trail."

Upon the soft sand near the water's edge they could see the hoofprints of the stag, and it needed only that to convince them that he was of wonderful size, even if they had not seen him.

"This gets me, boys," confessed Abe Stanchfield. "I don't pretend to know any more than my neighbors, but I say that never in the hull course of my nat'l life did I ever see such a huff as that on a moose, let alone a deer. What do you say?"

"I say that we don't break camp until I've had one shot at him, anyhow," replied Arthur Chambers. "I can't believe yet but what there is an explanation to this mystery, if we could only get at it."

Little Hand shook his head slowly, and looked at the speaker, with a strange smile.

"For seven years have I trailed the Great White Stag," he said. "Three times have I fired at him, seven times he has vanished from my sight. The bullet is not yet run which is to lay him low."

At this moment they heard a wild yell and a thundering report from the bank of the lake, half a mile above. All started and looked up the lake and could hear a voice which even at that distance had a Hiawatha sound, but whether in rage or terror they could not tell.

"It's Larry!" cried Arthur. "Come on, boys; the blockhead has got into trouble."

And, bringing their rifles to a trail, they bounded away along the strip of sand on the shore of the beautiful lake.

(To be continued.)

A Gentle Savage.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

GLENNIE HESTON was the happiest girl in Winton.

She was usually of a sunny, lively disposition, but on this particular May morning she fairly raved the saucy mocking-bird that kept up a miscellaneous concert from his cage on the porch.

"Where now, Mr. Leel?" she called to her brother Ralph, who was crouching in the direction of the barn, mounted on his favorite mustang, and dressed in his hunter's costume.

"Off for a day of it with Will Marsh," he replied; "won't be home till night, Puss, and here's a letter for you to read and ponder over while I am away. And, Ralph, run up to the gate and handed her the large yellow envelope."

Ralph Heston, on leaving college, had joined a surveying-party in the far West, and in this roving life he had grown from the pale, slender student to the robust plainsman, retaining all his natural free and frank ways, intensified by the wild life of the plains. But by the pleading of his widowed mother, who was in delicate health, he had returned to his Eastern home, resolved to remain with his mother and little sister so long as they might need his care. He had found ample employment in his present life of civil engineer, and a year at home had sufficed to tone him down, and make him, as Glennie declared, "a gentle savage."

"Now, that is too bad!" somewhat pettishly exclaimed Glennie, as, walking back toward the house, she perused the letter Ralph had given her.

"What is it, daughter?" asked the invalid mother, seated in her easy-chair at the open window.

"Why, mamma, here is a letter to Ralph from the wild, harum-scarum chum of whom he delights to call Devil Dick—Richard Nelson, for civilized—and Mr. Richard Nelson announces that he is coming to make the visit Ralph has been demanding so long. He will arrive in a few days, and, oh, dear! what shall we do, mamma?" a look of comical distress clouded her face as she handed the epistle to her mother.

"Why, Glennie, I shall be glad to welcome Ralph's dear friend. You know he saved my boy's life once, and Ralph loves him as a brother."

"Yes," answered Glennie, dubiously, "but he's such a bear—a veritable grizzly, from Ralph's description, and we shall have nothing but Indian fights, scalp-dances and buffalo-hunts all summer, to say nothing of the shock to our good neighbors by the pranks of these two bears. Oh, dear!" and Glennie snatched off among the trees and flowers to quickly resume her sunny nature and forget the anticipated trouble.

A few mornings later Ralph rode away on his mustang leading another dilly-saddled and bridled in western style, for the railroad station, some five miles distant, to bring the expected visitor. But at noon-time he returned alone, announcing that an accident had happened to delay the train, and it would not arrive until late in the evening. He had left the other pony in care of the station-master, until he should return for it.

The warm afternoon was drawing slowly to a close as Glennie Heston cantered down the road on her favorite horse, intent on enjoying her customary exercise, for she was an accomplished horsewoman, and took great pride in her equestrian skill. Now ambling slowly along the shady road, anon urging her horse into a wild gallop, she enjoyed to a full extent the delights of the ride, and the freshening breeze of evening, she described a horseman approaching, and resolved to turn and retrace her route homeward. But, the mettled animal she rode grew perverse, and losing patience, she plied her whip to compel obedience. And now the mad charging and prancing of her steed called forth all her strength and tact in the effort to force obedience to her will. A sudden snap left the reins in her hands, while with a bound at the freedom thus gained, her horse flew wildly down the road.

Glennie, pale and frightened at the danger, could but cling to the saddle helplessly and hope

that the now maddened horse would bear her home, unharmed. But in this she was soon doomed to disappointment. Sounds of pursuit faintly reached her and served to cheer her somewhat, but, as if aware of a pursuer, her horse dashed from the well-worn road into a by-road, and with renewed energy plunged ahead with his helpless burden.

The sounds of pursuit grew more distinct, and glancing furtively backward she beheld a horseman following with eager haste, and she knew that he was gaining slowly upon her.

Yes, help was coming. A tall young man with a broad-rimmed sombrero on his head and long flowing hair, leaned forward in his saddle and urged the fleet mustang he strode to greater speed, thus lessening the distance between them. Both horse and rider were pursuing bending all their strength and fleetness in the race. But the dashing runaway had found his match, and soon the mustang was alongside; then its rider reached out quickly and grasped the bridle of Glennie's steed, while his own, from its early training, checked suddenly, bringing the runaway back on its haunches.

Quickly dismounting, the wild-looking stranger lifted the now helpless lady from her saddle, and sustained her limp form with his strong arm. But, her weakness was only temporary. Rapidly regaining her strength, Glennie stood upon her feet and gazed at her rescuer.

"Oh, how can I thank you, sir?" she exclaimed.

"None needed at all, miss—madam—that is I—"

and the great, strong fellow stopped in confusion, and to hide his embarrassment began to tie up the broken rein of the now panting animal. Some time was occupied in this manner, and at length he said:

"Your horse is ready now, miss; shall I assist you to mount?"

Again expressing her heartfelt gratitude, Glennie was assisted into the saddle, while the stranger mounted his own pony that had stood quietly by, and accompanied her to the main road.

Here she again thanked him for his timely aid, and as he bowed and lifted his hat awkwardly, she wheeled her horse and soon disappeared in the direction of home, where she soon arrived in safety and related to Ralph her adventure.

What did this stranger look like? eagerly inquired her brother.

Glennie quickly described her rescuer, when Ralph fairly shouted, "Devil Dick, I bet a million!" and hastily clasping his sister in his arms, he gave her a hearty kiss, and hurriedly sprang into the saddle of his own mustang, set off down the road at a reckless speed.

The meeting between Ralph Heston and his friend, Dick Nelson, was joyous indeed; doubly warm from the gratitude Ralph felt to his friend for his gallant chase and rescue. And a few acres of corn, which he had learned who the fair woman was he had so fortunately rescued can better be imagined than told.

Wearied by excitement and nervous strain incident to her adventure, and, withal, a little piqued at the knowledge that the gallant stranger was the identical husband of her friend's daughter, Glennie Heston did not appear again that evening, so Ralph had his old chum all to himself.

The next morning she met and received her introduction to Nelson, and at once opened a vein of conversation to which he could not be induced to reply only in monosyllables until Glennie despaired of ever drawing out the bashful hero. Alone with Ralph he was all life and animation, but a single glance at a woman sufficed to subdue him.

However, the days passed, a wonderful change took place, and the Devil Dick came out in a more beaming attire, and under Ralph's tutelage learned rapidly the many little essentials that go to make the polished gentleman.

The delightful summer days were passed in various employments, and the quiet precincts of the country. Balls, parties and picnics followed in rapid succession, and Dick Nelson became a favorite among the young ladies and an uncomfortable rival to the young men. As for Glennie, she forgot her chagrin at his coming, and he was treated as another great, strong brother.

And so it came to pass that the busy brain of Glennie Heston had been concocting a surprise in the nature of a grand party on the occasion of her birthday anniversary. So quietly and cunningly she planned it that no hint had reached either Ralph or his guest. They came down on the morning of the eventful day arrayed for a hunting-excursion, and were confronted by the little woman unexpectedly.

"I am awfully sorry," she said, "but I have reached either Ralph or his guest. They came down on the morning of the eventful day arrayed for a hunting-excursion, and were confronted by the little woman unexpectedly."

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